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Whence, by that Divine Nemesis that runs through all things, Souls will be naturally conveyed to such places, and be associated to such company as is most congruous to their Nature. Henry More.

Whence it is manifest that the Soul, speaking in a natural sense, loseth nothing by death, but is a very considerable gainer thereby. For she does not only possess as much Body as before, ~~but is a very considerable gainer thereby~~ with as full and solid dimensions, but has that accession cast in, of having this body more invigorated with Life and Motion than it was formerly. Ib.

Wherefore it is a very childish mistake to think, that because we neither see the shape nor hear the discourse of Spirits, that they neither hear nor see us. Ib.

According to our living here, we shall hereafter, by a hidden concatenation of Causes, be drawn to a Condition answerable to the purity or impurity of our Souls in this life: that silent Nemesis that passes through the whole Contexture of the Universe, ever fatally contriving us into such a state as we ourselves have fitted ourselves for by our accustomary actions. Of so great consequence is it, while we have opportunity, to aspire to the best things.

What the ignorant call evil in this Universe is but as the shadowy strokes in a fair picture, or the mournful notes in Music, by which the beauty of the One is more lively and express, and the melody of the other more pleasing and melting.

If you put a chain around the neck of a slave the other end fastens itself around your own. Old Prov. You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others.

Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities for good actions, but make use of common situations. A long continued walk is better than a short flight.

What is 70 years' pain to eternity.

Lines by Herschel in a dream. See p. 137

Crito to Socrates. — "How and where shall we bury you?" — Socrates. Bury me in any way you please if you can catch me to bury. p. 135

Milton to Salmasius (Jeff. Davis) Whoever I say among the dregs of that common people, has but sucked in this principle, that he was not born for his prince, but for God and his country — he deserves the reputation of a learned and an honest and a wise man more, & is of greater use in the world, than yourself.

Why is it assumed that no one can have difficulties of belief unless he is wicked? Froude

To tell a man it is his duty to believe so and so, is like telling a wife it is her duty to love her husband — a thing easy to say, but meaning simply nothing. Affection must be won, not commanded. Froude.

There are errors which no wise man will treat with derision lest they should be the reflection of some great truth yet below the horizon. Coleridge

A holy life will make our belief holy. — Jeremy Taylor.
None enter heaven whose heart goes not there before.
Good night? ah! no &c. Shelley p. 326
Farewell! the passion of long years I pour / Into that word. Mrs Hemans.
For last Chapter Heureux l'homme Fenelon p. 70

Though we may not find rest in any one system, though it may be true that

Yet who shall say that we are not brought nearer and nearer to a rational conception of the Infinite, by our meditations here, and that the study shall be continued hereafter

So long as the conscious ego that utters such expressions as I will and I ought exists in a human intelligence, so long must metaphysics and that regards itself as something distinct from ~~th~~ the external world & surrounding matter, matter by which it is conditioned,

So long as there exists in the human mind a consciousness which gives utterance to such expressions as

Swine - poultices - City cellars - circular of doctors

B

Time is the judge; Time has nor friend nor foe;
False Fame will wither, and the True will grow:
Arm'd with this truth, all Critics I defy,
For, if I fall, by my own pen I die.
While snarlers strive with proud but fruitless pain,
To wound Immortals, or to slay the Slain.

Quoted in Cibber's Apology, 2d Chapter as
by "a Reverend Author."

Reader, by your Leave — I will but just speak a Word, or two to any Author, that has not yet writ one Line of his next Play, and then I will come to my point again — What I would say to him, is this, Sir, before you set Pen to Paper, think well, and principally of your Design, or Chief Action, towards which every Line you write ought to be drawn, as to its Centre: If we can say of your finest Sentiments, This, or That might be left out without maiming the story you would tell us, depend upon it, that fine thing is said in a wrong Place; and though you may urge, that a bright thought is not to be Resisted, you will not be able to deny, that those very fine lines would be much finer, if you could find a proper Occasion for them: Otherwise you will be thought to take less advice from Aristotle, or Horace, than from Poet Bays in the Rehearsal, who very smartly says — What the devil is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine Things? Compliment the taste of your Hearers as much as you please with them, provided they belong to your subject, but don't, like a dainty Preacher, who has his Eye more upon this world than the next, leave your Text for them. When your Fable is good, every Part of it will cost you much less Labour, to keep your Narration alive, then you will be forced to bestow upon those elegant Discourses, that are not absolutely conducive to your Catastrophe, or main Purpose: Scenes of that kind, shew but at best, the unprofitable, or injudicious Spirit of a Genius. It is but a melancholy Commendation of a fine Thought, to say, when we have heard it, Well! but what's all this to the Purpose? Take therefore, in some part, Example by the Author last mentioned! There are three Plays of his, The Earl of Essex, Anna Bullen, and Mary Queen of Scots, which though they are all written in the most barren, barbarous Stile, that was ever able to keep Possession of the Stage, have all interested the Hearts of his Auditors. To what then could this Success be owing, but to the intrinsick, and naked value of the well-conducted Tales, he has simply told us? There is something so happy in the Disposition of all his fables; all his chief Characters are thrown into such natural Circumstances of Distress, that their Misery, or Affliction, wants very little Assistance from the Ornaments of Stile, or Words to speak them. When a skilful Actor is so situated, his bare plaintive Tone of Voice, the Cast of Sorrow from his Eye, his slowly graceful Gesture, his humble Sighs of Resignation under his Calamities: All these, I say, are sometimes, without a Tongue, equal to the strongest eloquence. At such a time, the attentive Auditor supplies from his own Heart whatever the Poet's Language may fall short of, in Expression, and melts himself into every Pang of Humanity, which the like Misfortunes in real Life could have inspir'd.

Cibber's Apology. Chap. X.

Of Betterton, Cibber says: "In all his Soliloquies of moment, the strong Intelligence of his Attitude and Aspect drew you into such an impatient Gaze and eager Expectation, that you almost imbib'd the Sentiment with your eye, before the ear could reach it."

Les sages de l'antiquité recevoient leurs disciples sans examen et sans choix: ils croyoient que la sagesse devoit être commune à tous les hommes, comme la raison, et que pour être philosophe c'étoit assez d'avoir du gout pour la philosophie.

Montesquieu.

It is pretty generally known that Otway founded his tragedy (Venice Preserved) on St. Real's History of the Venetian Conspiracy in 1618. Nearly the whole of the *dramatis personae* are real persons. *Belvidera*, however, is fictitious. The real *Renault* was no villain, and the real *Pierre* was privately strangled on board his own ship by order of the Venetian senate. the prose and true *Jaffier* was not melted in his faith to the conspiracy by a woman's tears, but was struck with compunction during a city jubilee, when he contrasted its gayety with the horrors and massacres that would eventually result from his plot. Otway's *Jaffier* is more pathetic and dramatic, but St. Real's History is wonderfully impressive. Voltaire compares its author to *Sallust*, and not unworthily. (Campbell's Life of Mrs. Siddons – For further particulars in regard to this play see p. 80. Am. edition.)

How many men
Have spent their blood in their dear country's service,
Yet now pine under want; while selfish slaves
That e'en would cut their throats whom now they fawn on
Like deadly locusts eat the honey up,
Which those industrious bees so hardly toil'd for!

Otway's Orphan.

Busy your minds then, study arts and men;
Learn how to value merit, though in rags,

And scorn a proud, ill-manner'd knave in Office.
Ib.

Chamont. How! did he
Dash thee disdainfully away with scorn?
Monimia. He did.
Chamont. What! throw thee from him?
Monimia. Yes, indeed he did!
Chamont. So may this arm
Throw him to the earth like a dead dog despised.
Lameness and leprosy; blindness and lunacy;
Poverty, shame, pride, and the name of villain,
Light on me, if, Castalio, I forgive thee!
Ib.

Feb. 5th 1846. The Provoked Husband by Cibber and Vanbrugh was performed at the Park this evening – Young Vandenhoff, Lord Townley, Mrs. Bland Lady Townley, Fisher the booby son, Bass Sir Francis &c &c. The play went off very heavily. It cannot linger long on the American stage. The conversations between the Lord and lady, and the lady and her sister-in-law seemed very tiresome to the audience; and the drop curtain fell on every act to apathetic silence. The Wrongheads made some fun whenever they appeared. Young Vandenhoff played with spirit and dignity. Lord T. has two or three retorts and fine speeches, which tell prettily; but the character is not an imposing one. Lady Townley is but a weak foreshadowing or pre-adumbration of Lady Teazle. The P. H. had better be omitted from my series. It seems almost cruel to make a poor girl play a part like that of Myrtilla – so unredeemedly repulsive.

Feb. 6th 1846. Have just finished Aaron Hill's translation of Voltaire's Zaire. It contains some fine declamatory passages. All London used to flock once to see Master Betty in Osman. Mrs. Inchbald says of Zara: "it is impossible to read this play without being delighted, or to see it without being weary." There is something remarkably fine in the construction of Osman's closing speech. He has stabbed his mistress in a fit of jealousy, but discovers immediately afterwards that his rival was her brother, whom he thus addresses:

"Unhappy warrior – yet less lost than I –
Haste from our bloody land – and to thy own,
Convey this poor, pale object of my rage.
Thy king, and all his Christians, when they hear
Thy miseries shall mourn them with their tears;
But, if thou tell'st them mine, and tell'st them truly,
They, who shall hate my crime, shall pity me.
Take, too, this poniard with thee, which my hand
Has stain'd with blood far dearer than my own;
Tell them – with this I murder'd her I loved;
The noblest and most virtuous among women!
The soul of innocence, and pride of truth:
Tell them, I laid my empire at her feet:
Tell them, I plunged my dagger in her blood;
Tell them, I so adored – and thus revenged her! [Stabs himself.

March 4th 1846. Went with James to the Chatham Theatre last evening to see Booth in "A New Way To Pay Old Debts." One of his sons played Lord Lovell respectably. But all the parts save that of Sir Giles were imperfectly sustained. The play was listened to, however, with the utmost attention and satisfaction by an audience composed chiefly of the illiterati. They seemed to sympathize strongly with Wellborn; and the scenes between him and Marrall in the first two acts delighted them highly. Booth played finely though unequally. In the scene where Lord L— first enters he filled the stage admirably by his obsequiousness and attention to details. And the scene in the last act where he defies the Lord L. to fight him was excellent. Booth's conceptions, however, seemed to go far beyond his execution throughout. By the way he has a curious gesture of lifting both hands to his ears as if he were pulling down the sides of his wig. His voice is still clear, musical and strong. The son, though respectable, did not seem to me to have inherited a spark of the father's genius.

The avowed hostility of the fanatics to the Stage did not cease with the Restoration; and the persecution which the author of Douglas underwent in the middle of the enlightened eighteenth century, will forever stamp disgrace on his persecutors. There is nothing more disgusting in the tirades of Prynne, Gosson, Stubbs, and Hall, than in the pamphlets published against the tragedy of Douglas. Fortunately the stage has nothing to fear from the attacks of the fanatics of our own days. They are not less violent and abusive, but they are harmless & ineffective. _Weber's Beaumont & F._

The Elizabethan dramatists, with the exception of Ben Jonson, Cartwright and Randolph, almost always had recourse for their plots to the prolific stores of the Italian and Spanish novelists.

March 7th 1846. Was present at the Park last evening at the representation of Ben Jonson's "Every Man In His Humor". It was fairly cast and acted. G. Vandenhoff was a good and pains-taking Kitely, Barrett an amusing Bobadil, Fisher an unexceptionable Master Stephen, Bass an efficient Brainworm, and Andrews an apt Justice Clement. The first act was nearly ended when I arrived; and during the remainder of the performance I was continually wondering how this comedy could ever have acquired the reputation past and present, which attaches to it. Where is the charm or merit? I was at a loss to discover. There is hardly a memorable sentiment, a highly wrought dramatic point, a passage of sterling wit or a touch of nature in the whole piece. The humors of Bobadil and Master Stephen, such as they are, are farcical; and such probably as had been familiar in every clownish pantomime long before Jonson wrote. As for Kitely, in which Garrick and Cooke were celebrated, he seemed to me an intensely disagreeable character; and those of the audience, whom I heard speak, seemed to think so too. There is not a single scene in which you sympathise with his chimerical and ridiculous jealousy. It was a great lack of dramatic tact on the part of the author not to give him some apology for his fantasies. But his starts, his ravings and his anguish seem so utterly causeless and ungrounded, that you are obliged to regard him either as a monomaniac or a fool. He reaches the climax of his disgusting and unnatural folly in the last act, where he accuses the venerable, gray-headed Knowell of intimacy with his wife. The pit laughed at his rage – but I could not but think the judicious grieved at the exhibition. As for Brainworm's fooleries nothing could be more puerile and insipid. Some fun is created in the scene where he sells Master Stephen his Toledo; but this is occasioned by Bobadil's bending the blade, so that after all the humor is principally *mechanical*. It is said that Shakspeare used to perform in this piece. How he must have suffered! Never did I feel to the full extent before the incomparable superiority of Shakspeare over his unworthy rival! The Comedy was patiently received, and occasionally excited hearty laughter; but I heard many yawns; and instead of "O rare Ben!" I was disposed to murmur "O stupid Ben!" as I quitted the theatre.

What sacrifice of thanks, what age of service
What danger of more dreadful look than death
What willing martyrdom to crown me constant
May merit such a goodness, such a sweetness?
A love so nobly great no power can ruin!
Most blessed maid, go on! the gods that gave this
This pure unspotted love, the child of Heaven,
In their own goodness must preserve and save it,
And raise you a reward beyond our recompence.

B. & F.'s "Custom Of The Country."

Arn. Would you have me love you.
Hippolita. Yes.
Arnoldo. Not for your beauty;
though, I confess, it blows the first fire in us;
Time, as he passes by, puts out the sparkle.
Nor for your wealth; although the world kneel to it,
And make it all addition to a woman;
Fortune that ruins all makes that his conquest.
Be honest, and be virtuous, I'll admire you. Ib.

Whatever malady thou art, or spirit,
(As some hold all diseases that afflict us) — Ib.

'Tis sacrilege to violate a wedlock;
You rob two temples, make yourself twice guilty,
You ruin hers, and spot her noble husband's.
Fletcher's "Rule a Wife, Have a Wife."

Time, nor fate,
The world, or what is in it, shall not alter
My resolution: He shall die!
B. & F's. "Laws of Candy".

Hence, thou sorcery
Of a beguiling softness! I will stand
Like the earth's centre, unmov'd. Ib.

The world will be too little to contain
The memory of this detested deed;
The furies will abhor it. Ib.

Live, live my matchless son,
Bless'd in thy father's blessing! much more bless'd
In thine own virtues. Let me dew thy cheeks
With my unmanly tears! - Rise; I forgive thee! Ib.

I have been bred
Still with my honest liberty, and must use it.
Hemp. Upon your equals then.
Gos. Sir, he that will
Provoke me first, doth make himself my equal.
B. & F. Beggars' Bush.

I am your son, your son, sir! And am prouder
To be so, to the father to such goodness,
(Which Heaven be pleased I may inherit from you!)
Than I shall ever of those specious titles
That plead for my succession in the earldom
(Did I possess it now) left by my mother.
Ib.

What trial is there of my honesty,
When I am mew'd at home? To what end, husband,
Give all the virtuous thoughts and chaste behaviours
Without their uses? Then they are known most excellent
When by their contraries they are set off and burnished,
If you both hold me fair and virtuous
Let me go fearless out, and win that greatness.
F's "Spanish Curate".

In this woman's war
You ever have been train'd; spoke big, but suffer'd
Like a tame ass; and when most spurr'd and gall'd
Were never master of the spleen or spirit

That could raise up the anger of a man
And force it into action. Ib.

Think of that love, great sir, that honour'd friendship,
Yourself held with our masters; think of that strength,
When you were all one body, all one mind;
When all your swords struck one way; when your angers,
Like so many brother billows, rose together,
And, curling up your foaming crests, defied
Even mighty kings, and in their falls entomb'd them.
F's Humorous Lieut.

Celia. Was it the prince they said? How my heart trembled!
'Tis he, indeed! What a sweet, noble fierceness
Dwells in his eyes! Young Meleager-like,
When he return'd from the slaughter of the boar,
Crown'd with the loves and honours of the people,
With all the gallant youth of Greece, he looks now.
Who could deny him love? Ib.

'Tis not to die we fear, but to die poorly,
To fall forgotten in a multitude. Ib.

Fortune has hours of loss, and hours of honour,
And the most valiant feel them both. Take comfort;
The next is ours; I have a soul descries it.
The angry bull never goes back for breath,
But when he means to arm his fury double. Ib.

I lived to see these men lost, look'd upon it;
These men that twin'd their loves to mine, their virtues!

Oh, shame of shames! I saw, and could not save 'em!
This carries sulphur in't, this burns, and boils me,
And, like a fatal tomb, bestrides my mem'ry! Ib.

Scene From "The Spanish Curate."

Leandro. It seems I am deceived, sir:
Yet that you are Don Lopez all men tell me,
The curate here and have been some time, sir,
And you the sexton Diego, such I am sent to,
The letter tells as much. May be they are dead,
And you of the like names succeed. Thank ye, gentlemen;
Ye have done honestly in telling truth;
I might have been forward else; for to that Lopez,
That was my father's friend, I had a charge,
A charge of money to deliver, gentlemen;
Five hundred ducats, a poor small gratuity.
But since you are not he —
Lopez. Good sir, let me think;
I pray ye be patient; pray ye stay a little:
Nay, let me remember; I beseech you stay, sir.
Diego. An honest noble friend that sends so lovingly;
An old friend too; I shall remember, sure, sir.
Lopez. Thou say'st true, Diego.
Diego. Pray ye consider quickly;
Do, do, by any means. Methinks, already,
A grave staid gentleman comes to my memory.
Leandro. He's old indeed, sir.
Diego. With a goodly white beard,
(For now he must be so; I know he must be)
Signior Alonzo, master.

Lopez. I begin to have him.
Diego. He has been from hence about some twenty years, sir.
Lean. Some five and twenty.
Diego. You say most true, sir.
Just to an hour, 'tis now just five-and-twenty.
A fine straight-timber'd man, and a good soldier.
He married – let me see –
Lean. De Castro's daughter.
Diego. The very same.
Lean. (Aside.) Thou art a very rascal!
De Castro is the Turk to thee, or any thing.
The money rubs them into strange remembrances;
For as many ducats more they would remember Adam.
Lopez. Give me your hand; you are welcome to your country;
Now I remember plainly, manifestly,
As freshly as if yesterday I had seen him.
Most heartily welcome! Sinful that I am,
Most sinful man! why should I lose this gentleman?
This loving old companion? We had all one soul, sir;
He dwelt here hard by at a handsome –
Lean. Farm, sir:
You say most true.
Lopez. Alonzo Tiveria!
Lord, Lord, that time should play the treacherous knave thus!
Why, he was the only friend I had in Spain, sir.
I knew your mother too, a handsome gentlewoman;
She was married very young: I married 'em.
I do remember now the masques and sports then,
The fire-works, and the fine delights. Good faith,
Now I look in your face – whose eyes are those, Diego?

Nay, if he be not just Alonzo's picture —
Lean. (*Aside*) Lord, how I blush for these two impudents!

That was an admirable smile, a catching one;
The very twang of Cupid's bow sung in it.
B. & F. "Humorous Lieutenant".

Our lives are but our marches to our graves. *Ib.*

Seleucus. Let no man fear to die: we love to sleep all,
And death is but the sounder sleep. All ages,
And all hours call us; 'tis so common, easy,
That little children tread those paths before us.
We are not sick, nor our souls press'd with sorrows,
Nor go we out like tedious tales, forgotten.
High, high we come, and hearty to our funerals,
And, as the sun that sets in blood let's fall.
Lysimachus. 'Tis true, they have us fast, we cannot 'scape 'em,
Nor keeps the brow of Fortune one smile for us.
Dishonourable ends we can escape, though,
And, worse than those, Captivities: we can die;
And, dying nobly, though we leave behind us
These clods of flesh, that are too massy) burdens,
Our living souls fly crown'd with living conquests.
Ib.

King Antigonus. I command you, stay.
Celia. Be just, I am commanded.
Ant. I will not wrong you.
Celia. Then thus low falls my duty. (*Kneels.*)
Ant. Can you love me?
Say "ay", and all I have —

Celia. I cannot love you;
Without the breach of faith, I cannot hear you.
You hang upon my love like frost on lilies.
I can die, but I cannot love! You're answer'd. Ib
[Exit.

O matchless sweetness, whither art thou vanish'd?
Oh, thou fair soul of all thy sex, what paradise
Hast thou enrich'd and bless'd? Ib.

Thou'rt dead, for ever dead! Sin's surfeit slew thee;
Th'ambition of those wanton eyes betray'd thee.
Go from me, grave of honour! Go, thou foul one,
Thou glory of thy sin! Go, thou despised one!
And, where there is no virtue, nor no virgin;
Where Chastity was never known nor heard of;
Where nothing reigns but impious lust and looseness;
Go, thither, child of blood, and sing my doting! Ib.

Thou subtle Circe,
Cast not upon the maiden light eclipses;
Curse not the day! Ib.

I am not now Demetrius; thou hast changed me:
Thou, woman, with thy thousand wiles, hast changed me:
Thou, serpent, with thy angel eyes, hast slain me! Ib.

I am above your hate — as far above it,
In all the actions of an innocent life,
As the pure stars are from the muddy meteors. Ib.

Heaven's holy lights not purer.
The constancy and goodness of all women,
That ever lived to win the names of worthy,
This noble maid has doubled in her honour.
All promises of wealth, all art to win her,
And by all tongues employ'd, wrought as much on her,
As one may do upon the sun at noonday
By lighting candles up. Her shape is heavenly;
And, to that heavenly shape, her thoughts are angels. Ib.

March 22d 1846. Finished "The Faithful Shepherdess" of Fletcher, which the editor (Weber) of his works pronounces "one of the most delightful monuments of his genius". Beaumont also eulogises it, and in allusion to those persons who damned it (and very justly as I think) in the representation, says that the publication may strike

"Their consciences, to see the thing they scorned
To be with so much wit and art adorned."

But modern criticism must admit that the old play-goers were right in their judgment. Fletcher says of the piece: "It is a pastoral tragi-comedy, which the people seeing when it was played, having ever a singular gift in defining, concluded to be a play of country-hired shepherds, in grey cloaks, with cur-tailed dogs in strings, sometimes laughing together and sometimes killing one another; and, missing Whitsun-ales, cream, wassel, and morris-dances, began to be angry." Not without cause - for the "Faithful Shepherdess" must have been tiresome indeed when represented. There is hardly one genuine touch of nature in the whole drama; and the introduction of rhyming terminations makes it all the more frigid and unnatural. Occasionally we meet with a luxuriant passage; but few without a flaw. Fletcher seems to have been fettered by a desire to conform in a measure to classical models, at the same time that he takes the most absurd liberties with the old mythology in making Pan and his satyrs the patrons of chastity. Milton undoubtedly drew largely from this piece for hints for his "Comus"; but how immeasurably the imitation transcends the original! How has the alchymy of superior genius transmuted the iron ore into most fine gold! He has a great advantage (Milton has) in the adoption of blank verse in the main structure of his poem. When Fletcher is in earnest, and filled with a noble enthusiasm, he is strong indeed; and his thoughts seems to flow into moulds of beauty as naturally as the dallyings of an eagle with the air into curves and swayings of grace.

I tell thee, Stremon, he has a stirring soul;
Whatever it attempts, or labours at,
Would wear out twenty bodies in another. *B. & Fl's Mad Lover.*

I do her wrong, much wrong; she's young and blessed,
Sweet as the spring, and as his blossoms tender,
And I a nipping north-wind, my head hung

With hails and frosty icicles: Are the souls so too,
When they depart hence, lame and old, and loveless?
No, sure; 'tis ever youth there; Time and Death
Follow our flesh no more; and that forced opinion
That spirits have no sexes, I believe not.
There must be love, there is love. Ib.

Look on his honour, sister;
That bears no stamp of time, no wrinkles on it.
No sad demolishment, nor death can reach it:
Look with the eyes of Heaven, that nightly waken
To view the wonders of the glorious Maker,
And not the weakness: Look with your virtuous eyes;
And then clad royally in all his conquests,
His matchless love hung with a thousand merits,
Eternal youth attending fame and fortune,
Time and oblivion vexing at his virtues,
He shall appear a miracle. Ib.

To die for me? Why, as I hope for happiness,
'Twas one of th' rarest-thought-on things, the bravest,
And carried beyond compass of our actions.
I wonder how he hit it; a young man too,
In all the blossom of his youth and beauty,
In all the fulness of his veins and wishes,
Woo'd by that paradise, that would catch Heaven!
It startles me extremely. Thou bless'd ashes,
Thou faithful monument, where love and friendship
Shall, while the world is, work new miracles! Ib.

No tomb shall hold thee
But these two arms, no trickments but my tears:
Over thy hearse my sorrows, like sad arms,
Shall hang forever: On the toughest marble
Mine eyes shall weep thee out an epitaph:
Love at thy feet shall kneel, his smart bow broken;
Faith at thy head, Youth and the Graces mourners.
Oh, sweet young man! Ib.

March, 27th 1846. In the "Nice Valour" of Beaumont & Fletcher," Shamont is a "superstitious lover of reputation", Lapet, "the cowardly monsieur." The two encounter in the first act; and Shamont drives the poltroon from his presence with these words: "Groom, begone! (Exit Lapet.) I never was so heart-sick yet of man." In the second act, the "Duke" playfully touches Shamont, who is in an abstracted fit, with a switch; the latter feels that he is disgraced, but cannot revenge himself upon one, to whom his loyalty alone is due. In the third act, the following amusing scene takes place between him and Lapet.

The Street. Enter Lapet. Lapet. I have been ruminating with myself
What honour a man loses by a kick.
Why, what's a kick? the fury of a foot,
Whose indignation commonly is stamped
Under the hinder quarter of a man,
Which is a place very unfit for honour,
The world will confess so much:
Then what disgrace, I pray does that part suffer,
Where honour never comes? I would fain know that. &c &c * * *
(Enter Shamont)

Sham. Oh, well met!
Lapet. Now for a fine punch or two! I look for't duly.
Sham. I have been seeking you.
Lapet. Let me know your lodging, sir:
I'll come to you once a-day, and use your pleasure, sir.
Sham. I'm made the fittest man for thy society!
I'll live and die with thee: Come, shew me a chamber!
There is no house but thine, but only thine,
That's fit to cover me: I have took a blow, sirrah.
Lapet. I would you had indeed! Why, you may see, sir,
You'll all come to't in time, when my book's out.
Sham. Since I did see thee last, I have took a blow.
Lapet. Pho, sir, that's nothing! I ha' took forty since.
Sham. What, and I charged thee thou shouldst not?
Lapet. Ay, sir,
You might charge your pleasure; but they would give't me
Whether I would or no.
Sham. Oh, I walk
Without my peace; I have no companion now.
Prythee resolve me, (for I cannot ask
A man more beaten to experience,
Than thou art in this kind) what manner of blow
Is held the most disgraceful or distasteful?
For thou dost only censure 'em by the hurt,
Not by the shame they do thee: Yet, having felt
Abuses of all kinds, thou mayst deliver,
Though it be by chance, the most injurious one.
Lapet. You put me to't, sir; but, to tell you truth,
They're all as one with me, little exception.
Sham. That little may do much; let's have it from you!

Lapet. With all the speed I may: First then, and foremost,
I hold so reverently of the bastinado, sir,
That if it were the dearest friend i'th' world,
I'd put it into his hand.
Sham. Go to! I'll pass that then.
Lapet. You're the more happy, sir;
Would I were past it too: But being accustom'd to't,
It is the better carried.
Sham. Will you forward?
Lapet. Then there's your souse, your wherrit, & your dowst,
Tugs on the hair, your bob o'th' lips, a whelp on't!
I ne'er could find much difference. Now your thump,
A thing derived first from your hemp-beaters,
Takes a man's wind away most spitefully;
There's nothing that destroys a cholic like it,
For it leaves no wind i'th' body.
Sham. On, sir, on!
Lapet. Pray give me leave; I'm out of breath with thinking on't.
Sham. This is far off yet.
Lapet. For the twinge by the nose,
'Tis certainly unsightly, so my table says,
But helps against the head-ache wondrous strangely.
Sham. Is't possible?
Lapet. Oh, your crushed nostrils slakes your opilation,
And makes your pent powers flush to wholesome sneezes.
Sham. I never thought there had been half that virtue
In a wrung nose before.
Lapet. Oh, plenitude, sir.
Now come we lower, to our modern kick,
Which has been mightily in use of late,

Since our young men drank coltsfoot; and I grant you
'Tis a most scornful wrong, 'cause the foot plays it;
But mark again, how we that take't requite it
With the like scorn, for we receive it backward;
And can there be a worse disgrace retorted?
Sham. And is this all?
Lapet. All but a lug by th' ear,
Or such a trifle.
Sham. Happy sufferer!
All this is nothing to the wrong I bear:
I see the worst disgrace thou never felt'st yet:
It is so far from thee, thou canst not think on't;
Nor dare I let thee know it, 'tis so abject.
Lapet. I would you would though, that I might prepare for't.
For I shall have it at one time or another.

Milton took his hints for Il Penseroso from the following song of the "Passionate Lord" in the Nice Valour:-

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy;
Oh, sweetest melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moon-light walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

I see there's no man but may make his paradise;
And it is nothing but his love, and dotage
Upon the world's foul joys, that keeps him out on't:
For he that lives retired in mind and spirit,
Is still in paradise, and has his innocence
Partly allowed for his Companion too,
As much as stands with justice. "The Nice Valour."

Once more, farewell! Go, find Elysium,
There, where 'tis ever spring and ever summer,
There where the happy souls are crown'd with blessings!
B. & F. Valentinian.

Aecius. I come, ye blessed spirits! make me room
To live forever in Elysium! (Falls on his Sword.)
Do men fear this? Oh, that posterity
Could learn from him but this, that loves his wound,
There is no pain at all in dying well,
For none are lost, but those that make their hell; Ib.

Valentinian. (Poisoned). Oh, gods, gods! Drink, drink! colder, colder
Than snow on Scythian mountains! Oh, my heart-strings!
* * * Danubius

I'll have brought through my body — *
And Volga, on whose face the north wind freezes.
I am an hundred hells! an hundred piles
Already to my funeral are flaming!
Shall I not drink? Ib.

Maximus. I am not fit to die yet, if not Caesar.
I am sure the soldier loves me, and the people,
And I will forward; and, as goodly cedars,
Rent from Oëta by a sweeping tempest,
Jointed again, and made tall masts, defy
Those angry winds that split 'em, so will I,
New-pieced again, above the fate of women,
And made more perfect far, than growing private,
Stand and defy bad fortunes. Ib.

Caesar. (On Pompey's death.) Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids
Built to out-dure the sun, as you suppose,
Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,
Nothing can cover his high fame but Heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness,
To which I leave him. (B. & F. "the False One".)

You cannot bathe twice in the same river, said Heraclitus; and I add, a man never sees the same objects twice: with his own enlargement the object acquires new aspects. R. W. Emerson.

Be you only whole and sufficient, and I shall feel you in every part of my life and fortune, and I can as easily dodge the gravitation of the globe as escape your influence. You need not speak to me, I need not go where you are, that you should exert magnetism on me. Ib.

He that could fight thus in a cause not honest,
His sword edged with defence of right and honour,
Would pierce as deep as lightning, with that speed too,
And kill as deadly. B. & F. "Little French Lawyer."

The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed, by John Fletcher, is avowedly an imitation and continuation of Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew"; but how immeasurably does the greater bard tower above the lesser!

A Sedgly curse light on him; which is, Pedro,
"The fiend ride through him booted and spurr'd, with
a scythe at his back!" The Woman's Prize.

Now, in the name of madness, what star reigned,
What dog-star, bull, or bear-star, when I married
This second wife, this whirlwind, that takes all
Within her compass? Ib.

Let me have six gold laces, broad and massy,
And betwixt every lace a rich embroidery;
Line the gown through with plush perfumed, and purfle
All the sleeves down with pearl. Ib.

April 4th. 1846. At the Park theatre last night — it being the second night of the revival of Lee's "Alexander the Great." The house was slim as to the attendance. The play was greatly cut down from the original. The first act seemed stiff and heavy. But from the moment Alexander appears at the beginning of the second act, an interest is excited, which is well sustained to the end. The hero was admirably personated by George Vandenhoff, who, if he lives, and sticks to the stage ten years longer, will be accounted one of the first living actors. The historical character attributed to Alexander appears to be well preserved by the author. The language of the piece is proverbially turgid; still it contains some beautiful and impressive passages. The passionate scene at the end of the 4th Act, where the rough old soldier Clytus is slain by the King in his revels, is well wrought up. And the dying scene, where the King expires from poison, is one of the best I ever witnessed on the stage. Nothing can be finer than where the King, in one of his mad paroxysms, mounts upon his couch, and fancies he is once more leading his phalanx against Darius; and then, writhing with torture, leaps his full length into the arms of his slaves. Vandenhoff went through the whole scene in a very masterly manner. I know of no living actor, unless perhaps Macready, who could have done it so well. I came home with a very high estimate of his abilities.

All the planets, said the Marchioness, are like us human beings, who always attribute to others what belongs to ourselves. The earth says: *it is not I who turn, it is the sun*. The moon says: *it is not I who vibrate, but the earth*. There is error throughout. — *Fontenelle's Plurality of Worlds*.

Habitual good conduct can flow only from good principles. To say of any one, 'he believes that which *must* make him a good man,' is at once to define a Christian, and to call him one. Beware therefore how, when you see the pulse of morals beat, you declare religion to be dead in the heart, or how you suspect him that denies himself, to have denied his God. — *Worlds Without Souls*.

It is an universal law, that *like begets like*; and, consequently, evil must produce evil. Ib.

The word *guess* is not unfrequently used by the old English writers. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Pilgrim" is this line:
"He guesses now, and chafes, and frets like tinsel." Act 3. Sc. 3.

You have the nobler soul, I must confess it,
And are the greater master of your goodness.
Though it be impossible I should now recover,
And my rude will grow handsome in a moment,
Yet, touching but the pureness of your metal,
Something shall show like gold, at least shall glister;
That men may hope, although the mine be rugged,
Stony and hard to work, yet time and honour

Shall find, and bring forth that that's rich and worthy.
B. & F. "The Pilgrim."

(In a mad-house.) They will confound you, sir; like
[bells rung backward,
They are nothing but confusion, and mere noises. Ib.

If I were now to learn to die, I would sue to thee;
Or did I fear death, then I would make thee glorious;
But knowing what and how far I can suffer,
And all my whole life being but death's preface — Ib.

Those minds that where the day is, claim inheritance,
And where the sun makes ripe the fruits their harvest,
And where they march but measure out more ground
To add to Rome. B. & F. "Bonduca."

The light shadows
That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn. Ib.

I wonder the annotators on Beaumont & Fletcher didn't notice the following repetition, with a slight variation, in "Bonduca" of a passage in their "Valentinian":

"All shall be right again, and, as a pine,
Rent from Oëta by a sweeping tempest,
Jointed again, and made a mast, defies
Those angry winds that split him; so will I,
Pieced to my never-failing strength and fortune,
Steer through these swelling dangers, plough their prides up,
And bear like thunder through their loudest tempests.
(Vide preceding quotation from Valentinian.)
Bonduca.

Oh, penny pipers, and most painful penners
Of bountiful new ballads, what a subject
What a sweet subject for your silver sounds! Ib.

Thou royal graft, farewell for ever! – Time and Death,
Ye have done your worst. Fortune, now see, now proudly
Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph: Look,
Look what thou hast brought this land to. – Oh, fair flower,
How lovely yet thy ruins shew, how sweetly
Even death embraces thee! The peace of Heaven,
the fellowship of all great souls, be with thee! Ib.
Caratach's Lament over Hengo.

Find out a fortune,
Wisely and handsomely; examine Time,
And court Occasion that she may be ready;
A thousand uses for your forward spirit
You may find daily; be sure you take a good one!
A brave and worthy one that may advance you!
B. & F. The Island Princess

We are arrived among the blessèd islands,
Where every wind that rises blows perfumes,
And every breath of air is like an incense;
The treasure of the sun dwells here; each tree
As if it envied the old Paradise,
Strives to bring forth immortal fruit; the spices
Renewing nature, though not deifying;
And when that falls by time, scorning the earth,
The sullen earth should taint or suck their beauties,
But as we dreamed, for ever so preserve us:
Nothing we see but breeds an admiration;

The very rivers, as we float along,
Throw up their pearls, and curl their heads to court us;
The bowels of the earth swell with the births
Of thousand unknown gems, and thousand riches;
Nothing that bears a life but brings a treasure.

All our first movements are good, generous, heroical; reflection weakens and kills them. The soul first speaks; and its language is that of love and virtue. The intellect afterwards reasons, and its reasoning is always more favorable to matter than to the soul. Aimé-Martin.

Be not surprised if the progress of intellect is so often useless for virtue; nothing is more easily explained, namely; that virtue arises from another source. Ib.

Oh! the destiny of Man is beautiful! You speak to me of his misery: I will speak to you of his glory. The creature is great, to whom it is allowed to imagine questions, to which a God alone can reply. Ib.

S. S.

What a sweet modesty dwells round about 'em,
And like a nipping morn pulls in their blossoms!
B. & F. The Loyal Subject.

Her brother?
By Venus, he has all her sweetness on him!
Two silver drops of dew were never liker! Ib.

Thomas: Your patience —
May not a man profess his love?
Dorothea: In blasphemies?
Rack a maids tender ears with damns and devils?
Out, out upon thee! (Monsieur Thomas, one of the best of Fletcher's comedies.

How like the sun
Laboring in his eclipse, dark and prodigious,
She shew'd till now! when having won his way
How full of wonder he breaks out again,
And sheds his virtuous beams! Excellent angel,
For no less can that heavenly mind proclaim thee,
Honour of all thy sex, let it be lawful
(And like a pilgrim thus I kneel to beg it,
Not with profane lips now, nor burnt affections,
But, reconciled to faith with holy wishes,)
To kiss that virgin hand! Ib.

With your own virtues seasoned and my prayers
the card of goodness in your minds, that shews ye
When ye sail false; the needle touched with honor,
That through the blackest storms still points at happiness;
Your bodies the tall barks ribb'd round with goodness,
Your heavenly souls the pilots; thus I send you —
The Loyal Subject.

Great things through greatest hazards are atchieved still,
And then they shine, then goodness has his glory!
His crown fast rivetted, then time moves under,
Where, through the mist of errors, like the sun
Through thick and pitchy clouds, he out nobly.
Ib.

A fundamental mistake to call vehemence and rigidity strength. A man is not strong who takes convulsion fits; though six men cannot hold him. He that can walk under the heaviest weight without staggering, he is the strong man. – Carlyle's "Hero As Man of Letters."

Our own being furnishes us with an evident and incontestable proof of a Deity. It is as impossible to conceive that ever bare incogitative matter should produce a thinking intelligent being, as that nothing should of itself produce matter. – Locke's Human Understanding, chap. X.

The motto of Guizot is a straight line with the words "omnium brevissima recta." – Grund's Letters from Europe in Graham's Mag. for May 1846.

Aug. 30th. Mr. Ogden told me that Cooper, the ex-actor dining with him to-day, told him that the terms on which he engaged Cooke to play at the Park theatre one hundred nights were: five thousand dollars and his expenses. He came on these terms, and the receipts of his first thirty nights averaged $1406 per night. Mr. Cooper said he had engaged John Philip Kemble on terms equally favorable to the theatre; but that the war breaking out between this country and Great Britain, the agreement was never carried into effect.

Lear. Coleridge on.

Lear is the most tremendous effort of Shakspeare as a poet; Hamlet as a philosopher or meditator; & Othello is the union of the two.

(34)

Oct. 5th 1846. The Jealous Wife produced at the Park Theatre — Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean as Mr. and Mrs. Oakley. The jealous scenes are amusing and seemed to delight the audience highly. I have never seen Mrs. K. play with so much spirit. The Irish character, Captain O'Cutter, is but partially effective. Andrews as Sir Harry Beagle was excellent; and Mrs. Vernon made Lady Freelove amusing in the scene where she piques the jealousy of Mrs. Oakley. The closing scene between Mr. and Mrs. O. went off with shouts of laughter and applause. It struck me that the conversation between Lady F. and Lord Trinket at Mr. Oakley's in the fifth act is rather too protracted. Upon the whole, the applause with which the play was received, and the hearty laughter it seemed to excite, made it a matter of surprise to me, that it was not oftener acted.

Oct. 6th. The Two Gentlemen of Verona produced at the Park. The characters all well filled except Launce and Proteus. But the comedy went off tamely, although the house was well filled. It can never be a popular acting play. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean as Valentine and Julia did all in their power to infuse life into the performance; but it would not do. A good Launce would have made it lighter. Fisher as Speed threw considerable animation into the last scene of the ~~fourth~~ third act; but I doubt if the revival reaches a third night.

A CONFESSION.

But, gracious God! how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And search no farther than thyself reveal'd;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom thou hast promised never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires,
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Follow'd false lights, and when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I; such by nature still I am;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame!
[Dryden.

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chambers, bedrooms, &c, bath room, and [illegible] attics—marble maniels, grates, furnace, &c. One acre of land well stocked with fruit and ornamental trees and flowers; pleasantly situated within 5 minutes walk of Methuen station. For terms &c, which are liberal, apply to N. G. WHITE, Bay State Bank Building, Lawrence, Mass.. or corner Portland and Sudbury sts.

ap 5 isTu&S2m¶ J. B. CLAPP & SON.

ELEGANT DWELLING HOUSE FOR SALE. That large and convenient dwelling house No. 10 Ashburton place, recently occupied by Mrs Wm. J. Loring, is now offered for sale. This house was erected by the late William J. Loring, Esq., with great care and at a great expense, for his own use. The materials and workmanship are better than are usually put into houses of the first class.

The main house is 32 feet 8 inches by 50 feet, with extensive outbuildings, and has more accommodations—such as kitchens, clothes rooms, store and china closets, &c.—than can usually be found in the best houses.

The house will be sold on favorable terms of payment. Apply to HENRY RICE,
28 State st.

Oct. 11th. 1846. Met Cooper, the ex-actor, at Mr. Ogden's at dinner. Cooper told me that when Holcroft read the "Road to Ruin" to the actors in the Green Room nearly all were dissatisfied with the parts assigned them. From the success of Quick in the part of a choleric old father with some touches of pathos in Holcroft's play of the "German Hotel", Holcroft had written the part of Old Dornton with a particular view to its personation by Quick; but the latter claimed Silky as his legitimate part, and Silky he must have. Holcroft then appealed to Munden to play Old Dornton; but Munden declared that he could do nothing with it; and it was not till after much persuasion that he was induced to venture upon it. Lewis, though pleased with the play, thought that he should make a failure in Goldfinch; and thus were all the principal actors dis-pleased with their parts. The result showed that an actor is not always the best judge of his capacities. Munden made an immense hit in Old Dornton; and Lewis in Goldfinch was no less successful. Cooper tells me he gave to the perpetually-recurring catch-phrase of "that's your sort" a variety of intonation and expression, which made it always new and effective. At the age of seventy, said Cooper, Lewis was a *younger* man on the stage than any of your modern personators of vivacious young me

The unity of action in all their plays is yet more conspicuous, for they do not burden them with under-plots, as the English do; which is the reason why many scenes of our tragi-comedies carry on a design that is nothing of kin to the main plot; and that we see two distinct webs in a play, like those in ill-wrought stuffs; and two actions, that is, two plays carried on together, to the confounding of the audience; who, before they are warm in their concernments for one part, are diverted to another; and by that means espouse the interest of neither. From hence likewise it arises, that the one half of our actors are not known to the other. They keep their distances as if they were Montagues and Capulets, and seldom begin an acquaintance till the last scene of the fifth act, when they are all to meet on the stage. *Dryden's Essay of Dramatick Poesie.*

Another thing in which the French differ from us and from the Spaniards, is that they do not embarrass or cumber themselves with too much plot: they only represent so much of a story as will constitute one whole and great action sufficient for a play; we, who undertake more, do but multiply adventures; which not being produced from one another as effects from causes, but barely following, constitute many actions in one drama, and consequently make it many plays. Ib.

Our plays,' besides the main design, have under-plots, or by-concernments of less considerable persons and intrigues, which are carried on with the motion of the main plot: as they say the orb of the fixed stars and those of the planets, though they have motions of their own, are whirled about by the motion of the primum mobile, in which they are contained: that similitude expresses much of the English stage. Ib.

I am apt to believe, the English language in them (Beaumont & Fletcher) arrived at its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gayety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humors. Shakspeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs. Ib.

There is scarce a poet or historian of those times among the Roman authors, whom he has not translated in Sejanus and Catiline. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. — (On Ben Jonson)

Decr 1st. 1846. At the period of the surrender of Charleston to Lord Cornwallis, that commander rather haughtily directed General Lincoln, when he came forward with his sword, to give it into the hands of Colonel St. Leger. Washington remembered the affront put upon one of his favorite generals, and, when the tables were turned at Yorktown, declined taking the sword of Lord Cornwallis, but ordered him to give it into the hands of General Lincoln. This anecdote my informant had from the late Governor Sargent, who was highly esteemed by Washington, and who was one of the committee sent from Valley Forge to represent the grievances of the army to the Congress then sitting at Philadelphia. A fact of this kind would have hardly remained for a period of years in the mental custody of such a man as Gov. Sargent unless it had been true.

Pope's mode of pronouncing the word *barrier* strikes me as novel:

"Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!" [*Essay on Man*.

So when small humors gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out. Ib.

The scorpion, falsehood,
Coils round in its perplexity, and fixes
Its sting in its own head.

Coleridge.

The poet's pen's the true divining rod
Which trembles towards the inner founts of feeling,
Bringing to light and use, else hid from all,
The many sweet, clear sources which we have
Of good and beauty in our own deep bosoms. Festus.

Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting looked like Virgil's art.
Thy genius gives thee both; where true design
Postures unforced and lively colours join.
Likeness is ever there; but still the best,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language drest;
Where light, to shade descending, plays, not strives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.
Dryden's Lines to Sir Godfrey Kneller.

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought.
Dryden's Cymon & Iphigenia.

Love taught him shame; and shame with Love at strife
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life. Ib.

Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the Sun. [Young.

Vain is the world; but only to the vain. — Ib.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great Children* leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.
Thomson's "*Castle of Indolence.*"

What is th' ador'd Supreme Perfection, say?
What, but eternal never-resting soul,
Almighty power, and all-directing day;
By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll;
Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.
Ib.

All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art. Ib.

What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure and its nonsense all,
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind or mind-illumined face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent heaven. *T's Spring.*

Musing, I lay; warm from the sacred walks,
Where at each step imagination burns.

Thomson's "Liberty."

In this new situation, I shall appear ridiculous to myself: many a student knows perhaps already more of history than the professor. Yet I think here as Sancho Panza with regard to his government: "to whom God gives a charge, to him gives he also understanding, and if I once have the island, I will govern it like a "Daus."– *Letters of Schiller*.

My great desire is to see the New World. If North America becomes free, then it is settled, that I go there. Something boils in my veins– I long to make a leap in this rugged world, that shall be heard of. *Ib. Jan. 1785. Weisse's Translation.*

Every poetical creation seems to me to be the result of an enthusiastic friendship, or platonic love for the creature of our mind. *Ib.* ** This much will prove true, that a great poet must possess at least the capability for the highest friendship, though he may not always have displayed it. It is indisputably certain, that we must be the friends of our heroes, if we would in them tremble, rage, weep and despair; that we must feel towards them as towards other men, who have trusted us with their most hidden feelings, and have poured their sufferings and their joys into our bosoms. * So is it, that we poets arouse, strike, inflame the most, when we ourselves have felt fear and sympathy for our heroes. Ib.

Long already have I feared, not without reason, that sooner or later my poetical fire would become extinguished, if it remained my bread-winning profession, and that, on the contrary, it must have for me a new charm, so soon as I recur to it only as a recreation, and only devote to it my brightest moments: then only can I with entire power and ever active enthusiasm be a poet – then only hope, that my passion and capacity for the art will endure through my whole life. – *Id. 1783.*

How little would it cost me to take the circle wherein you dwell for my world! – *Schiller to Charlotte Von Lengefeld*. 1788.

What you say of history is certainly very just, and the advantage in *truth*, that history has over romance, could alone give it the higher rank. The only question is, whether the internal truth, which I will call the philosophical and artificial truth, which must prevail in its highest perfection in romance, or other poetical fiction, will not be even as valuable as the historical. *Id.*

To be happy, I must live in a certain affluence, free from care, and this must not be dependent on the products of my mind. *Id.*

What is time's worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.

Young's N. T.

Never have I felt so much, how freely the soul deals with all created things, how little they can give of themselves, but all – all receive from the soul. Only by that, which we lend to Nature, does she attract and enrapture us. The charm, in which she dresses herself, is only the reflection of the agreeable in the soul of the spectator; and enthusiastically we kiss the glass, that surprises us with our own image. Who could otherwise bear the eternal sameness of her appearance, the eternal repetition of herself? Only through man becomes she various: only because we renew ourselves, becomes she new. How often have I seen the sun go down, and how often has my fancy lent it speech and soul! but never, never as now have I read in it my love. – Schiller to Charlotte Von Lengefeld, after their engagement. Sept. 1789.

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To unite the highest fulness of artistical enjoyment with the present happiness of the heart, was always the highest ideal, that I had of life, and the two to combine, is with me also the unfailing means of bringing each to its greatest perfection. S. to C. 179

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Now, that I repose on the reached summit of my desires, I am astonished myself to find, how all has surpassed my expectations. Schiller after marriage. 1790.

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Life's cares are comforts; such by Heaven design'd;
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.

═ Young's N. T.

Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.
Young's N. T.

Beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death. — Ib.

And, big with life's futurities, expire. — Ib.

All men think all men mortal, but themselves. — Ib.

How often I repeat their rage divine
To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe!
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fires.
Dark, though not blind, like thee, Maeonides!
Or, Milton, thee; ah, could I reach your strain!
Or his, who made Maeonides our own.
Man too he sung: immortal man I sing;
Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life;
What, now, but immortality can please?
O had he press'd his theme, pursued the track,
Which opens out of darkness into day!
O had he, mounted on his wings of fire,
Soar'd where I sink, and sung immortal man!
How had it bless'd mankind, and rescued me!
Ib.

Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone! they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;
The spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns. *Ib.*

Time's a god.
Hast *thou* ne'er heard of *Time's* omnipotence;
For, or *against*, what wonders he can do!
And *will*: to stand blank *neuter* he disdains.
Not on *those terms* was *Time* (Heaven's Stranger!) sent
On his important embassy to man.

Measuring his motion by revolving spheres;
That horologe machinery divine. — Ib.

(Conscience.) Not the gross *act* alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres Fancy's airy band;
A watchful foe! the formidable spy,
Listening, o'erhears the whispers of our camp:
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steals our embryos of iniquity. *Ib.*

But such our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish—

Like birds, whose beauties languish, half-conceal'd,
Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded shine with azure, green and gold,—
How blessings brighten as they take their flight! — *Ib.*

Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine;
Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for use. **
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate push
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
And defecates the student's standing pool. Young.

O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul,
Who think it solitude to be alone! — Yo.

Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay! — Yo.

Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When shall I die? — When shall I live for ever? Yo.

Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager ambition's fiery chase I see;
I see the circling hunt, of noisy men,
Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing, and pursued, each other's prey;
As wolves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles;
Till Death, that mighty hunter, earths them all. — Yo.

How swift the shuttle flies that weaves thy shroud! — Yo.

Unbit by rage canine of *dying rich*;
Guilt's blunder! and the loudest laugh of hell. — *Ib.*

We see, we hear, with peril; *safety* dwells
Remote from *multitude*; the world's a School
Of wrong, and what proficients swarm around!
We must or imitate, or disapprove. *Ib.*

Voracious *learning*, often over-fed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal. — *Ib.*

In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice:
To the same life none ever twice awoke. — *Ib.*

Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to Heaven. *Ib.*

Like damag'd clocks, whose hand and bell dissent,
Folly sings six, while Nature points at twelve. — *Ib.*

Contract the taste immortal: learn e'en now
To relish what *alone* subsists hereafter. — *Ib.*

Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field. *Ib.*

Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures. *Ib.*

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
A blow, which while it executes, alarms. — *Ib.*

When *such* friends part,
'Tis the survivor dies — My heart, no more! — Ib.

The dispute about religion, and the practice of it, seldom go together. The shorter, therefore, the dispute, the better. I think it may be reduced to this single question, *Is man immortal, or is he not?* — Young.

I am satisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Christians. — Ib.

How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And straighten its inextricable maze! Ib.

Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name. — Ib.

A *competence* is all we can enjoy.
O be content, where Heaven can give no more!
More, like a flash of water from a lock,
Quickens our spirits' movement for an hour;
But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys
Above our native temper's common stream. — Ib.

Much learning shows how little mortals *know*;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy. Ib.

Renounce St. Evremont, and read St. Paul. — Ib.

Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withstand:
What levell'd mountains, and what lifted vales! – Yo.

Who *wishes* life immortal, proves it too.
Why happiness pursued, though never found?
Man's thirst of happiness declares it *is* –
(For Nature never gravitates to nought);
That thirst unquench'd declares it is *not here*. – Yo.

How *this* life groans, when sever'd from the *next*!
Poor mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!
By dark distrust his being cut in two,
In *both* parts perishes; life void of joy,
Sad prelude of *eternity* in pain! – Yo.

(If we are not immortal)
All is inverted, wisdom is a fool.
Sense! take the rein; blind *passion*! drive us on;
And *ignorance*! befriend us on our way;
Ye *new*, but truest patrons of our peace!
Yes; give the *pulse* full empire; live the *brute*,
Since as the brute, we die. – Yo.

To toil, and eat
Then make our beds in darkness, needs no thought.
What superfluities are *reasoning* souls!
O give eternity! or thought destroy. – Yo.

One Caesar lives – a thousand are forgot. Yo.

To lift us from this abject, to sublime;
This flux, to permanent; this dark, to day;
This foul, to pure; this turbid, to serene;
This mean, to mighty! – for this glorious end
Th' Almighty, rising, his long sabbath broke! – Yo.

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Because immortal, therefore is indulg'd
This strange regard of deities to dust.
Hence, Heaven looks down on Earth with all her eyes:
Hence, the soul's mighty moment in her sight:
Hence, every soul has partizans above,
And every thought a critic in the skies. Yo. –

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Faith in the future wanting is, at least
In embryo, every weakness, every guilt;
And strong temptation ripens it to birth. – Yo.

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In the coarse drudgeries and sinks of sense,
Your souls have quite worn out the make of Heaven,
By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own. – Yo.

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Parts, like half-sentences, confound; the whole
Conveys the sense, and God is understood;
Who not in fragments writes to human race:
Read his whole volume, Sceptic! then reply. – Yo.

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For what is vice? Self-love in a mistake:
A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
And virtue, what? 'Tis Self-love in her wits,
Quite skilful in the market of delight. – Yo.

On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave
The *proud* run up and down in quest of *eyes*;
The *sensual*, in pursuit of something worse;
The *grave* of gold; the politic of power;
And all, of other butterflies, as vain! — Ib.

The world's all *face*; the man who shows his heart,
Is hooted for his nudities, and scorn'd. — Ib.

Fain would he make the world his pedestal;
Mankind their gazers, the sole figure, he.
Knows he, that mankind praise against their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can?

We rise in glory, as we sink in pride:
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins. Ib.

A military discipline of thought. Ib.

Man's greatest strength is shown in standing still.
The first sure symptom of a mind in health
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home. — Ib.

God made the country and man made the town. Cowper's Task.

Ah spare your idol! think him human still.
Charms he may have, but he has frailties too!
Dote not too much, nor spoil what ye admire. Ib.

May Heaven ne'er trust my friend with happiness,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous pain; and made it *safe* to *smile*. Id.

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Eliminate my spirit, give it range –

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One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine. *Id.*

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Our nature such, ill choice ensures ill fate;
And Hell had been, though there had been no God. *Id.*

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These tayloring *critics*, for our lays
Invent cramp'd rules, and with straight stays
Striving free Nature's shape to hit,
Emaciate sense, before they fit. – *M. Green.*

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– With understandings of a size
To think their masters very wise – Id.

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(Poetasters.) These subjects of Apollo's state,
Who from false-fire derive their fate,
With airy purchases undone
Of lands, which none lend money on,
Born dull, had followed thriving ways,
Nor lost one hour to gather bays. *Id.*

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Nothing is stol'n: my Muse, though mean,
Draws from the Springs she finds within;
Nor vainly buys what Gildon sells,
Poetic buckets for dry wells. Id.

What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart. Tickell.

Why praise we, prodigal of fame,
The rage that sets the world on flame?
My guiltless Muse *his* brow shall bind
Whose godlike bounty spares mankind.
For those, whom bloody garlands crown,
The brass may breathe, the marble frown,
To *him* through every rescued land
Ten thousand living trophies stand. Ib.

A pert, prim prater of the *northern* race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face. — Churchill.

Wears Friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night; Ib.
With that *malignant* envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate — Ib.

For Fate, in a strange humor, had decreed
That what *it* wrote none but *itself* should read.

Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a stone
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips. Task.

When active Fancy from the brain is sent,
And stands on tiptoe for some wish'd event,
I hate those careless blunders, which recall
Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all. Fa.

The following sonnet by Rev. Blanco White was pronounced by Coleridge one of the noblest in the language. This praise is not unmerited. I do not know so fine a poem within the compass of fourteen lines:

Mysterious Night! when our first Parent~~s~~ knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely Frame,
This glorious Canopy of Light and Blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting Flame,
Hesperus with the host of Heaven came;
And lo, Creation widened in Man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

'Tis not the hasty product of a day,
But the well ripened fruit of sage delay.

Dum memor ipse mei, dum Spiritus hos regit artus.

Domestic Happiness—
Thou art not known where Pleasure is adored,
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
And wandring eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support;
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tried love
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield. [C Task.

Some write a narrative of wars, and feats
Of heroes little known; and call the rant
A history &c. [Task. Book 3.

Defend me therefore, common sense, say I,
From reveries so airy—from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up. [Ib.

The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue—the only lasting treasure, truth. [Ib.

He, that attends to his interior self,
That has a heart, and keeps it; has a mind
That hungers, and supplies it; and who seeks
A social, not a dissipated life,
Has business; feels himself engaged t'achieve
No unimportant, though a silent task. [Ib.

Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.
Terence.

Possunt quia posse videntur. Intellectually as well as commercially, credit, even though it be based upon a shadow, may be the beginning of a mighty structure. "Get a character", said a wealthy scoundrel to one of his less fortunate fellows, who asked him to point out some good money-making method. Get a reputation, I would say to a young aspirant, and then you will be likely to realize it. *Self-Formation.*

We read in Voltaire that there is no truth more certain than that the spirit of business and the real spirit of literature is one and the same; and so, on my own experience, I will avouch it – at least, I never yet knew a man of high and sound literary talent who was not at the same time (barring physical infirmities) a man of worldly use, and what Milton calls daily wisdom. – *Ib.*

Thought and memory are the Alpheus and Arethusa of metaphysics. Commit any material to the latter, and it may chance that, after a long interval of forgetfulness, by some dark, mysterious, subterranean transition, it will appear floating at its ease on the surface of the former, as though it had been thrown up from no other sources than those of pure, proper invention. – *Ib.*

Personal chastisement of pupils – To receive lessons of wisdom from the minister of our degradation, the ordainer and witness of our beastly exposure, what is it but to take our spiritual comfort from our hangman, or our holy water from our ordinary vessel of dishonor? – Fa.

I repeat it then, cultivate the poetical faculty, set the sweet vein a flowing, and then, haply, the intellectual region may become a land of milk and honey to its possessor. Depend upon it, poetry is the very salt of the soul, no less genial an ally to the spiritual, than the sherris sack of Falstaff was to the physical man. It is the source of every enjoyable feeling; mirth, at least in its refinement, is poetry; admiration is poetry; devotion is poetry; all sentiment is poetry; everything in the heart that rises above brute, sensual satisfaction, is poetry; – and, more than all this, I will take upon me to affirm, that no man was ever truly great, or truly devout, or truly admirable in any way, but he was a great poet, in *posse* at least, if not in *esse*. It is not from any personal prepossession that I testify thus; alas! no, the fiery-winged horse has broken down under my weight as often – and that is right seldom – as I have essayed to mount him; but I say it from my own conviction, and I hope to the persuasion of my readers. The vulgar, indeed, those who have never known its spirit or been penetrated with its influence, can have no notion of its value; but from those who have felt it thoroughly, withdraw it but once, and you have withdrawn the sun from their seasons. Cultivate then the disposition, cherish it, and make much of it; and this in spite of the blatant beasts that would gainsay you; in spite of all the cold, stiff, ungenial clay, that was ever made up into metaphysical or *statistical* dogmatists. – *Ib.*

The man who is continually reading and learning, without ever putting himself to the practice of framing and modelling what he has brought together, does but lay up his stores in heap, to corrupt and rot and stink, and minister, not to health, but to disease.* It is a thoroughly English epidemic, this lecturience, or reading rage. – *Ib.*

If indeed the object of education be to make up the mind for exhibition, as one would a prize ox, and to lay on it as much as one possibly can without absolutely smothering and burying it alive in its own fat – or, if you will, fatuity – why, then, in that case, commend me of all people to your omne-scibile slopsellers, your professors of everything and proficients in nothing: but if the quality of the spirit, and not the quantity of the flesh wherein it is enveloped, be the chief consideration, that is altogether a different case. It behoves us, then, to take up against these Master Shallows, or shallow masters, the words of Falstaff, "What care I for the bulk and big assemblage of a man? give me the spirit, Master Shallow; I say, give me the Spirit." — Ib.

The fact is, that the simplest truths, as Providence in its beneficence has ordained, are always the most important. Whatever is hard to understand, whether in divinity, politics or anything else, we may suspect is either no truth at all, or a very worthless one. — Ib.

For myself, feeble as I am in intellect, and unworthy to be named with hundreds and thousands of my fellow-creatures, yet am I confident that I might, as the meanest among us may, have risen higher than man ever yet rose, had I but done justice in my own person, to the common endowments of our nature. — Ib.

Above all, away with the cabalistic nonsense of the prerogative of genius, the predominance of the natal star. If the plea of inability to rise above his nature is good for the dunce it is good for the knave also. For anything that I can see, we can control our intelligence as well within a very little, as we can our morality. — Ib.

We give ourselves mighty pains to teach our children what we fancy they ought to know, but, as for what they certainly ought to feel, we leave it in the main to chance and habit, and the evil communications of the world, to lend them their accomplishment: and yet the sources of the heart lie not so deep; they are less hidden from us, and withal, far more manageable, and irrigable, and of more genial influence than those of the intellect. – Ib.

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Confidence for worldly ends is of the same efficacy as faith in religion; indeed, they mean precisely the same thing; they are identical terms, only that our reverence has reserved the one for religion, and left the other for profane services. In Composition, in oratory, in Conversation, no one ever succeeded without Confidence – it is impossible in the nature of things. I question much whether virtue itself Can exist apart from it. – Ib.

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The poetical affection was the amulet that I wore Constantly about me, as a Charm against the effect of absence from my studies, and Consequent estrangement. And oh the great, and good, and glorious charm, that it was and has ever been to me! For those that want it, Heaven preserve them in their destitution! For myself, I would as soon suffer myself to be bereft of any one of my senses as forego that most gracious sentiment. It is the lamp of life, the soul of all our finer enjoyments, the soother of our evils, the very instinct of virtue, the essence of all that is grand, and generous, the prompter of benevolence, the Counsellor even of devotion itself. – Ib.

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Heaven's peace upon thee, even as thou hast
Over this soul a Calm of sunshine cast.

I never in my life knew a good talker who was not also a rapid one. It is not in nature to be otherwise. A drawling, listless enunciation is sure, by an unfailing sympathy, to affect the understanding and general faculties after its own kind. Rapidity of utterance presumes a wakeful, quick, active intelligence; an interest in one's subject; a warmth and glow of spirit; an inquisitive, enterprising, communicative disposition. *Ib.*

Do not speak till you are sure; first *think* your sentence – the pause need only be a momentary one – and then give utterance to it pointedly, decidedly, and, as the lawyers say, *uno flatu*.

Whatever then you do, if it be only to put on your hat, or throw aside your gloves, do it decidedly and earnestly, eschewing all listlessness. The practice will make energy of will, in other words, decision of character, habitual to you. Thus it is, and not by Foster's essay, admirable as it may be, that you must acquire that crowning virtue. – *Ib.*

All the higher working faculties – meditation, composition, oratory, conversation, and even intelligent reading – depend mainly upon attention, active attention. – *Ib.*

I resolved that every moment should be occupied by thought, word or act, or, if none of these, by intention; vacancy was my only outcast, the scape-goat of my proscription. For this my purpose, I required a certain energy of will, as indeed this same energy is requisite for every other good thing of every sort and kind; without it we are as powerless as grubs, noisome as ditch-water, vague, loose and unpredestinate as the clouds above our heads. — *Ib.*

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I felt the excellence of the practice, I was penetrated with it through all my being, I clung to it, I cherished it. I made a point of everything; I was active, brisk, and animated (oh! how true is that word) in all things that I did, even to the picking up of a glove, or asking the time of day. If I ever felt the approach, the first approach, of the insidious languor, I said at once within myself, In the next quarter of an hour I will do such a thing and, *presto*, it was done — and much more than that into the bargain; my mind was set in motion, my spirits stirred and quickened, and raised to their proper height. — *Ib.*

I never yet knew an irreligious man of high and powerful intellect. Infidels, indeed, I have known, and known them as such — infidels, I mean, in our sense — but then they were always religious in their way; devout Deists; worshippers after the religion of nature; penetrated to their inmost beings by the sentiment of divinity, the consciousness of God's omnipotence, Copy received to page 693½. — We will finish next week, if nothing unusual occurs.

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of his omnipresence, and of his infinite universal benevolence, and referring habitually to themselves all these his attributes. — Ia.

It is a true proverb, He who despises the world is master of it. — Ib.

I know no greater height of heroism, no more transcendant virtue, than to spring up from my bed at the moment of my first waking. This is easy enough for people habituated to it; but how to acquire the habit, there is the masterwork. I have tried all ways and means, I have made a hundred experiments, but no one of them can I commend with any certainty of commendation. * * In the first place, in this, as in all other virtuous resolves, to act upon the first impulse is the only policy. It is said of women, and of garrison commanders, that if they pause upon the proposition, if they suffer themselves to be brought to parley, they are surely lost. This is as true here. Listen not to the siren; to commune with her is to struggle with one's mistress. Such a contest can end only in supineness, relaxation and exhaustion. We should realize by act the words "awake, arise," in as quick, immediate a succession as they were uttered by the poet. The man who springs from his bed, as the French say, "en sursaut", is the only conqueror; he shakes off the heaviness of his chain, the cloudy dulness of his slumber, the confusedness of his dreams, and so "Richard's himself again." The first touch of light is like that of Ithuriel's spear – it strikes him, and he starts up at once in his proper likeness. And oh the happiness of the vindication! It is then only that we quaff the first flowings into our cup; the briskness, the spirit, the sparkling liveliness of the young day; let it stand but for an hour or two, and it is already settled upon its lees – it is become stale, flat and vapid. The early-rising man has the same conscious comfort through the day as the prudent, thrifty householder has through life; he is beforehand with the world, he has laid up something in advance, and that of no ordinary worth, but an inestimable thing, the most precious of all treasures – Time. He takes the day by the forelock; he drives it, instead of being driven, or rather dragged along by it. Besides, the dispositions of our earlier moments, our briskness or disgust, our dulness or our alacrity, impart themselves almost infallibly to the subsequent ones, and are wrought into the texture of the day. Like generates like, one minute is begotten of another, the beginning is auspicious of the end. I will say no more – truth is short, and words are endless; only I must regret that this great virtue, and instrument of happiness, has been neglected like all others, simply, (simply indeed, and very foolishly) because we know or fancy that it is in our power at any moment. — Ib.

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Persist unto the end. It may be said truly of difficulty, what is said fabulously of the devil — talk of it, think of it, and forthwith it will be present to you; for one substance of it, as the poet says of grief, there are at least twenty shadows. — Ib.

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I wanted a method of life, a leading principle, a main Spring of action. I felt more and more every day that my learning was a mere load upon me, a mass of unhealthy stagnature, unless I Could Contrive for it some determinate issue, a direct definite Channel, one or more, to carry off its superfluity, and keep it Continually in a running stream. Ib.

* * *

If we have nothing but our business to fill up our time, we must be tortured with many a long hour of vacancy. It is astonishing, says Johnson, how little of a professional man's time is actually devoted to his profession. Ib.

* * *

It is not the absolute fact, the substance of our grief, but the mere reflection of a shadow — our opinion of the opinions of others as to our Condition — that makes us miserable. This is a common curse, but any one who will trust, not, indeed, my assurance, but his own experience of it, will find it to be a very silly one. Idlers, it is true, men who have nothing else to think of, may occasionally turn their memories into so many storehouses of malice — make it their business to deal in detraction, to sell small scandal by the tale; in human Society, it is the drones that have the sting and venom; but men of the world, people of use and service, are too full of themselves, too much occupied with their projects, to concern themselves about the foibles of a neighbor. Selfishness in this one case is a safeguard against the lack of Charity. — Ib.

In events so truly horrid in themselves (the Enormities of the French revolution) the field is so easy for a declaimer, that we set little value upon the declamation; and the mind, on such occasions, so easily outruns ordinary description, that we are apt to feel more, before a mediocre oration begins, than it even aims at inspiring. — Sydney Smith.

Vain wish! those days were never: airy dreams
Sat for the picture: and the poet's hand,
Imparting substance to an empty shade,
Imposed a gay delirium for a truth. — *Task*.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free.
And all are slaves beside. — Ib.

He that takes
Deep in his soft credulity the stamp
Designed by loud declaimers on the part
Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,
Incurs derision for his easy faith,
And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough:
For when was public virtue to be found
Where private was not? Can he love the whole,
Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend,
Who is in truth the friend of no man there?
Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,
Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake
That country, if at all, must be beloved? Ib.

Ah, tinkling cymbal, and high-sounding brass,
Smitten in vain! such music cannot charm
The eclipse, that intercepts truth's heavenly beam,
And chills and darkens a wide-wand'ring soul.
The still small voice is wanted. Ib.

From thee is all, that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavor and his glad success,
His strength to suffer and his will to serve.
But O thou bounteous giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.
Ib.

A moral, sensible and well-bred man
Will not affront me - and no other can. Cowp.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own. Ib.

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The man, whose virtues are more felt than seen,
Must drop indeed the hope of public praise;
But, he may boast, what few that win it can,
That, if his country stand not by his skill,
At least his follies have not wrought her fall. Ib.

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Vociferated logic kills me quite,
A noisy man is always in the right;
I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
And, when I hope his blunders are all out,
Reply discreetly — "To be sure — no doubt!"
Cowper — Conversation.

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St. Giles's. Here children imbibe vice with their mother's milk. Here Prostitution, commencing with childhood, grows fierce and sanguinary in the teens, and leagues with theft and murder. Here slinks the pickpocket — here emerges the burglar — here skulks the felon. Yet all about and all around, here, too, may be found virtue in its rarest and noblest form — virtue outshining circumstance and defying temptation — the virtue of utter poverty, which groans and yet sins not. — Bulwer's "Lucretia."

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What we call eternity may be but an endless series of those transitions which men call deaths, abandonments of home after home, even to fairer scenes and loftier heights. Age after age, the spirit, that glorious Nomad, may shift its tent, fated not to rest in the dull Elysium of the heathen, but carrying with it evermore its elements – activity and desire. Why should the soul ever repose? God, its principle, reposes never. While we speak, new worlds are sparkling forth – Suns are throwing off their nebulae – nebulae are hardening into worlds. The Almighty proves his existence by Creating. Think you that Plato is at rest, and Shakespeare only basking on a sun-cloud? Labor is the very essence of spirit as of divinity: labor is the purgatory of the erring; it may become the hell of the wicked, but labor is not less the heaven of the good. – Bulwer's "Lucretia."

– The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
The morals blackened when the writings 'scape
The libelled person and the pictured shape; –

Pope's Epistle to Arbuthnot.

"Tous les méchants sont buveurs d'eau;
C'est bien prouvé par le déluge." Fr. Song.

Who are the wicked? Why, water-drinkers!
The deluge proves it to all true thinkers.

Yet who shall say with certainty, that Young was a pensioner? In all modern periods of this Country, have not the writers on one side been regularly called hirelings, and on the other patriots?
Johnson's "Lives of the Poets."

Fuyez, Telemaque, fuyez! on ne peut vaincre l'amour qu'en fuyant. Contre un tel ennemi, le vrai courage consiste à craindre et à fuir, mais à fuir sans délibérer, et sans se donner à soi-même le temps de regarder jamais derrière soi. Fenelon.

On ne surmonte le vice *qu'*en le fuyant. —*Ib.*

Heureux l'homme qu'un doux hymen unira avec elle! il n'aura à craindre que de la perdre et de lui survivre. *Telemaque de Antiope.*

Les bons connaissent bien les méchants, mais les méchants ne connaissent point les bons, et ne peuvent pas croire *qu'il* y en ait. *Tel.*

Ainsi le coeur malade des mortels compte toujours pour rien ce qu'il a le plus désiré dès qu'il (a le plus désiré) le possède; et il est ingénieux pour se tourmenter sur ce qu'il ne possède pas encore. *Ib.*

Such difference is there in an oft-told tale;
But Truth by its own sinews shall prevail.

Dryden's Religio Laici.

Peut-etre, en vivant en Italie, eprouverez-vous un sentiment d'attendrissement sur ce beau pays, que la nature semble avoir paré comme une victime. Mad. de Stael's Corinne.

'To him that esteemeth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean'_ not to others; therefore let him not require the same abstinence from them.

Le génie est essentiellement créateur; il porte le caractère de l'individu qui le possède. La nature, qui n'a pas voulu que deux feuilles se ressemblassent, a mis encore plus de diversité dans les ames; et l'imitation est une espèce de mort, puisqu'elle dépouille chacun de son existence naturelle. Corinne.

Well has it been said by Abercrombie, that the cultivation of a habit of steady and continuous attention is the foundation of all improvement of character, both intellectual and moral.

Quand on contemple un beau site dans le Nord, le climat, qui se fait sentir, trouble toujours un peu le plaisir qu'on pourvroit goûter. C'est comme un son faux dans un concert, que ces petites sensations de froid et d'humidité qui détounnent plus ou moins votre attention de ce que vous voyez: mais en approchant de Naples, vous éprouvez un bienêtre si parfait, une si grande amitié de la nature pour vous, que rien n'altère les sensations agréables qu'elle vous cause.

Madame de Staël's "Corinne".

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Presque toujours, croyez-moi, on perd en profondeur ce que l'on gagne en superficie. Il n'y a si petite rivière qui ne deborde sous un orage et qui n'ait l'air d'un lac. Mais essayez de lui faire porter bateau, et vous aurez bientôt touché le fond. Dumas Memoires d'un Medecin.

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L'exagération est la rhétorique des esprits faibles et la logique des esprits faux.

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"If a man were to set out", says Lord Halifax, "by calling everything by its right name, he would be knocked down before he got to the corner of the street."

* * *

"None enter heaven, whose heart goes not there before". In fine, this we may with great boldness venture to affirm, that if men would be at half the pains to provide themselves "treasures in heaven", which they are generally at to get estates here on earth, it were impossible for any man to be damned. But when we come to earthly matters, we do; when to heavenly, we only discourse: heaven has our tongue and talk; but the earth our whole man besides.

Nevertheless, let men rest assured of this, that God has so ordered the great business of their eternal happiness, that their affections must still be the fore-runners of their persons, the constant harbingers appointed by God to go and take possession of those glorious mansions for them; and consequently, that no man shall ever come to heaven himself, who has not sent his heart thither before him. For where this leads the way, the other will be sure to follow. South's Sermons.

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Ni l'aveugle hasard, ni l'aveugle matière,
N'ont pu créer mon ame, essence de lumière.
Je pense: ma pensée atteste plus un Dieu
Que tout le firmament et ses globes de feu.

Le Brun.

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Si la vie n'est qu'une conséquence physique de notre organisation, comme on peut le déduire du matérialisme, la liberté n'est plus qu'un mot, le remords n'est plus que l'épouvante inspirée par les menaces de la justice humaine, et cette justice humaine n'est plus que la loi de la force imposée a la faiblesse. Que peut devenir une société fondée sur de tels principes, si toutefois elle peut exister? A. Boniface.

The essence of authorship is compression, or selection, which is a species of it. But compression is the result of deliberation: carelessness and uncertainty are always diffuse. It is the same with respect to language. It requires much more study to express ideas in short and simple terms than in metaphysical verbiage. Qu. Review. April 1850.

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Ministerial Maxim. An independent man, said Pitt, is a man who cannot be depended on. Ib.

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"My Lord," said a convict to Judge Burnet, "am I to be hanged for only stealing a horse?" and he answered: "No, you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen". Ib.

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From the first Condorcet proclaimed himself enthusiastically for the cause of our American colonists; and when Franklin arrived in Paris none welcomed him with more zeal – not even Turgot; who however reached a felicity of compliment never approached by Condorcet in his famous inscription:

Eripuit cœlo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis.*

* The merit of this is hardly lessened by its being only a singularly fortunate imitation of a line in the Cardinal de Polignac's Anti-Lucretius: –

Eripuitque Jovi fulmen Phœboque Sagittas.

I think that the world is best served in any respect, in proportion as we dig into the first roots of error, and cease blaming the poor boughs which they injure. [Leigh Hunt.

Avec l'audace des politiques à courte vue, ces gens-là marchaient vers les obstacles sans les apercevoir, et décrétaien imperturbablement l'impossible. Ils n'admettaient en aucune façon que le genre humain pût être heureux par un autre procédé que par le leur; et, pour le conduire vers le bonheur, ils ne reculaient pas devant l'emploi de la violence. [Louis Reybaud.

La liberté ne reconnait ses vrais amis que dans les hommes d'un caractère élevé et d'une vie honorable; on sert mieux sa cause par l'exemple des bonnes actions, que par les plus éloquens discours. E Degerando.

In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God. Browne's Religio Medici p. 32.

When Socrates was once asked his opinion of the celebrated poem of Empedocles, he replied, that he believed it to be an exceedingly fine work, since all he could understand of it appeared to be possessed of great beauty.

The dealings of God with the children of men are not yet completed, and cannot be judged of by that part which is before us. E Bishop Butler.

There is no manner of absurdity in supposing a veil on purpose drawn over some scenes of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, the sight of which might somehow strike us too strongly. E Ib.

The church of Rome confidently proves the opinion of tutelary angels from that answer when Peter knocked at the door; "It is not he but his angel;" that is, might some say, his messenger, or somebody from him; for so the original signifies; and is as likely to be the doubtful phrase's meaning. – Religio Medici p. 48.

The evils of book-making, says Bacon, are only to be cured by making more books; that is, such as shall cause the bad ones to be forgotten.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself. – Goethe.

All history is but a romance, unless it is studied as an example. – Rev. G. Croly.

"Mr. Hume," says Burke, "told me that he had from Rousseau himself the secret of his principles of composition. That acute though eccentric observer had perceived, that, to strike and interest the public, the marvellous must be produced; that the marvellous of the Heathen mythology had long since lost its effects; that giants, magicians, fairies, and heroes of romance, had exhausted the portion of credulity which belonged to their age; that now nothing was left to a writer but that species of the marvellous, which might still be produced, and with as great effect as ever, though in another way: that is, the marvellous in life, in manners, in characters, and in extraordinary situations; giving rise to new and

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unlooked-for strokes of in politics and morals. I believe, that were Rousseau now alive, and in one of his lucid intervals, he would be shocked at the practical frenzy of his scholars, who in their paradoxes are servile imitators, and even in their incredulity discover an implicit faith.

Alphonse Karr, in a letter to the *National* on the subject of capital punishment, says: "Si l'on tient a abolir la peine de mort, que messieurs les assassins commencent."

Is there any thing improbable in the supposition, that the Almighty may proportion the evidence to the degree of sincere earnestness manifested in the inquiry? – and that when the earnestness is proportioned to the object, the evidence shall be proportioned to the earnestness? – Rev. Charles Wolfe.

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The credibility of a future state of existence is fully sufficient to become a practical principle, however low the evidence may appear: for, at the very lowest, we cannot prove the negative.

Dean Swift said, with much truth, "it is useless for us to attempt to reason a man out of a thing he was never reasoned into."

"Originality," says Mr. Ruskin, "is never to be sought for its own sake, otherwise it will be mere aberration; it should arise naturally out of hard, independent study of nature."

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As the same hymn of praise and love may be daily recited and wearies not; as no new information for the understanding is coveted; so the same lines of the poet eternally delight — the more perhaps because they are old. We dwell upon each word, and find the imagination more and more stimulated; it is a never-ending feast; for the wise poet does not limit his hearers to his own mind, but leaves room for them to range beyond him if they can.

Francis William Newman

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κόσμος (Order) was the name for the Universe introduced among the Greeks after the birth of philosophy, and exceedingly modified the wild conceptions suggested by the then current philosophy. * * The first great change which the perception of Universal Order brings about is the abolition of Polytheism. Ib.

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Side by side with the growth of the Mediatorial idea, the reverential imagination of the Church at Antioch sublimated the Mediator into something spiritually indistinguishable from the morally perfect and omnipresent God, and thus neutralized the doctrine; saving spirituality at the expense of logic. Ib.

Prayer Of Mary, Queen Of Scots.

O Domine Deus, speravi in Te,
Carissime Jesu, nunc libera me!
In dura catena, in misera pœna, desidero Te;
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me.

Translated by Fenton.

O Lord God of Hosts! I trusted in Thee,
O Jesus beloved! now liberate me;
In fetters so galling, in tortures appalling, I long after Thee:
In moaning, in groaning, on bent knee atoning,
I adore Thee, implore Thee, to liberate me.

Virtue And Vice. – Vice's road is paved with ice; inviting by the eye, but tripping up the heel, to the hazard of a wound or drowning. Whereas virtue is like the passage of Hannibal over the Alps, a work of a trying toil, of infinite danger. But once performed, it lets him into the world's garden, Italy: and withal, leaves him a fame as lasting as those which he did conquer with his most unused weapons of war, vinegar. – Owen Feltham.

Fear of death kills us often, when death itself can do it but once. I love, therefore, the saying of the dying emperor Julian, "He that would not die when he must, ~~not~~ and he that would die when he must not, are both of them Cowards alike". [Ib.

Sed locum virtus habet inter astra,
Vere dum flores venient tepenti,
Et comam silvis hiemes recident,
Vel comam silvis revocabit æstas, —
Pomaque Autumno fugiente cedent,
Nulla te terris rapiet vetustas.
Tu comes Phœbo, comes ibis astris.

When Rabelais was dying, the cardinal sent a page to inquire how he was. Rabelais joked with the envoy until he felt his strength declining, and his last moments approach. He then said, "Tell his Eminence the state in which you left me. I am going to inquire into a great possibility. He is in a snug nest, let him stay there as long as he can. Draw the curtain, the farce is over."

Matthew L. Davis once told me, that one of Aaron Burr's dying remarks to his physician was: "Well, doctor, is the frolic almost over?"

The sun is not only the source of all light, but the origin of all colors. Hence summer borrows her green, winter her vestal robe, and all the flowers their tints; —(Olmsted) and all the minerals — the sapphire, emerald, ruby, the (dis) is hues — the diamond its light.

The Quarterly Review, in answer to the question, What is man? says: "Chemically speaking a man is forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen diffused through five and a half pailsful of water." see p. 85.

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Oh! si le jour n'est lui-même qu'une image de la vie, si les heures rapides de l'aube, du matin, du midi et du soir, représentent les âges si fugitifs, de l'enfance, de la jeunesse, de la virilité et de la vieillesse, la mort, comme la nuit, doit nous découvrir aussi de nouveaux cieux et de nouveaux mondes!

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. Harmonies de la nature.

Did not Blanco White get the idea of his famous "Sonnet to Night" from the above? E.S.

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"If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?" said a sceptic to a clergyman. "Why didn't we have some knowledge of this world before we came into it?" was the reply.

S.S.

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"I would rather", says Richter, "dwell in the dim fog of Superstition than in air rarefied to nothing by the air-pump of unbelief, in which the panting breast expires, vainly and convulsively gasping for breath".

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To the Husbandman.

A little furrow holds thy scattered seed,
One somewhat deeper will receive thy bones,
Yet plough and sow with gladness – from the soil
Springs the rich crop that feeds and gladdens life,
And hope is not quite vanished from the grave.

Goethe.

S.S. Try to conceive a man without the ideas of God, eternity, freedom, will, absolute truth; of the good, the true, the beautiful, the infinite. An animal endowed with a memory of appearances and facts might remain. But the man will have vanished, and you have instead a creature more subtle than ~~the~~ any beast of the field; upon the belly must it go, and dust must it eat all the days of its life. Church & State.

X Dr. Rush was informed by a clergyman in Philadelphia, that "in visiting the old Swedes, who inhabited the southern district of the city, on their death-beds, he was much struck in hearing some of them pray in the Swedish language, who, he was sure, had not spoken it for fifty or sixty years before, and who had, probably, entirely forgotten it. – Rush on the Mind p. 284. I remember hearing the same circumstance of old Mr. Brevoort in N. York, who spoke Dutch the last two or three days of his life. E.S.

Bacon says, we would rather believe than examine.

It is impossible for my reason to give its assent to feeling alone: "I am not answered, but perhaps I am heard!" these affecting words, uttered over the grave of a friend, have always appeared to me the most eloquent thing that could be said in favor of the immortality of the soul; and if in this theory I can find but a charm, and not even amounting to conviction, or even a probability carrying with it persuasion, still it is a charm, which has always appeared to me attractive enough not only to excuse, but to make one love and praise those who admit this dogma, although to me their arguments appear incomplete and defective. Count de Mirabeau (18 Mars 1785) to Sir F. Romilly. R's Mems. v. 1. p. 322.

Each leaf upon the trees doth shake with joy!
With joy the white clouds navigate the blue,
And, on his painted wings, the butterfly,
Most splendid masker in this carnival,
Floats through the air in joy! Better for man
Were he and Nature more familiar friends!
Alexander Smith.

Authors. "Men pursuing the finest of vocations — carrying forward as inheritors from past generations — the eternal chase after truth, and power, and beauty —".
De Quincey
on Goldsmith, 130.

"And yet", says a celebrated writer, "there are problems in human nature, whose solution is not of this world – problems which must defy the mind that strives to explain them; there is a morality that seeks a sanction, an origin, and an end; so many fruitful sources to prove that religion is a necessity, not a simple form of sensibility, a transport of imagination, or a poetic fantasy". Brierre de Boismont's Hallucinations.

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The Jews thought it right that every one, even the learned, should know some art or trade. Milman.

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During the revolution, when asked by a lady his opinion of her dress, Talleyrand replied, "it began too late, and ended too soon".

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If a plump, juicy man, weighing 100 lbs. was squeezed flat under a hydraulic press, 75 lbs. of liquid would run out, and only 25 lbs. of dry residue would remain. The fact is interesting as showing us of what stuff we are made.

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Our boasted Freedom is not of to-day,
Its roots are in the past, its fruits with us.

Blackwood, June 1854.

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When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes. – Jewish Proverb.

Be brave, be just; and, when your country's laws
Call you to witness in a dubious cause,
Though Phalaris plant his bull before your eye
And, frowning, dictate to your lips the lie,
Think it a crime no tears can e'er efface
To purchase safety, with compliance base,
At honor's cost, a feverish span extend,
And sacrifice for life, life's only end. – Gifford's Juvenal.

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National literature is now rather an unmeaning term; the epoch of World literature is at hand, and each one must strive to hasten its approach.
Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe p. 204.

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"Yes", said Goethe; "Lessing himself said, that if God would give him truth, he would decline the gift, and prefer the labor of seeking it for himself". – Ib. p. 216.

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If any man wish to write a clear style, let him begin by making his thoughts clear; and if any would write in a noble style, let him first possess a noble soul. – Ib.

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"At the age of seventy-five," continued he, with animation, "one must, of course, think frequently of death. But this thought never gives me the least uneasiness, – I am so fully convinced that the soul is indestructible, and that its activity will continue

5 5: 'through eternity. It is like the sun, which seems to our earthly eyes to set in night, but is in reality gone to diffuse its light elsewhere. – Ib.

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If you grant God omniscience, man cannot be free; if the Divinity knows how I shall act, I must act so. I touch upon this merely as an illustration of how little we can know, and how foolish it is to meddle with divine mysteries. Goethe. Ib.

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Man must believe in immortality; this belief corresponds with the wants of his nature. But, if the philosopher tries to prove the immortality of his soul from a legend, that is very weak and says little to us. To me, the eternal existence of my soul is proved from my need of activity; if I work incessantly till my death, nature is pledged to give me another form of being when the present can no longer sustain my spirit. Goethe. Ib.

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(Of Napoleon.) His personal influence was great. Yet the chief reason was, that men under him were sure of attaining their object. They were drawn towards him, as they always are to him who gives them this certainty, as actors are towards the manager on whom they can depend to assign them good parts. 'Tis an old story constantly repeated; for human nature is so constituted that no man serves another disinterestedly, but does it willingly, if thereby he can also serve himself. Napoleon knew men well; he knew how to make proper use of their weaknesses. Goethe. Ib.

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Of an ordinary poet's lines. "They are", I (Eckermann) replied, "the feelings of a Dilletant, who has more good will than talent, and to whom the high state of literature presents language ready made, which sings and rhymes for him, while he imagines that he himself is speaking." Ib.

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"What misleads young people", said Goethe, "is this: We live in a time when culture is so diffused, that it has become the atmosphere which a young man breathes; poetical and philosophical thoughts, which he has imbibed with the air he breathes, live and move within him; he fancies them his own, and utters them as such. But after he has restored to the time what it gave him, he remains a poor man. He is like a fountain which spouts forth a little while the water which is drawn into it, but ceases to give a drop when the loan is exhausted." Ib.

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Mozart represents the unattainable in music; Shakspeare in poetry. Ib.

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X "The musical talent," said Goethe, "may well show itself earliest of any; for it is innate; its life is within; it needs little nourishment from without, and little experience drawn from life. Really, an apparition like that of Mozart remains always an inexplicable prodigy". Ib.

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On doit toujours éviter les contradictions, mais il faut prendre ſon parti ſur ce qu'il y a nécessairement d'incompréhensible dans la religion; car y prétendre, ce ſeroit tomber dans une véritable contradiction, ce ſeroit vouloir que l'infini fût fini. *La principale ſource de l'incrédulité*, c'est *la prétention de vouloir Comprendre Dieu et l'univers*. *Nous* voulons assujétir l'infini ſous le foyer de notre microscope. *Ancillon*.

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The great influence of Christianity would be less questioned, if it had not penetrated so widely and ſo deeply into our entire being. — *Ritter*.

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It (the influence of Christianity) is overlooked principally on these two accounts: first, because, on the one hand, there is in our habits and pursuits too much which is directly opposed to its spirit; secondly, because, on the other, we habitually bear about with us much that is exclusively Christian, which, however, having as it were become a second nature, is no longer looked upon as, in any wise, an influence of Christianity, but is regarded as an ordinary element of man's nature. Ib.

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Allowing, for the sake of argument, that it is the brain which receives from without ideas of sensation, and within forms those of reflection by contemplating its own operations; the impressions made on it could last no longer than itself; but it is admitted that the material particles composing the brain are in a state of constant flux, and come, in the course of years, to be wholly changed; the material particles which depart would, therefore, were they the depositaries of our ideas, carry away with them all the impressions they had, while in the brain, received; it would in fact be palpably impossible these should remain when the substances on which they had been impressed were detached: but we find that ideas are not thus fleeting; that they continue to exist in the mind forty, fifty, nay, in some men, a hundred years: the substance in which our ideas are deposited remains, consequently, the same from youth to age; but the matter of our bodies is perpetually changing; therefore the human soul is not material.

Introduction to Locke of the Reasonableness of Christianity &c. p. 27.

S. S. A holy life will make our belief holy, if we consult not humanity and its imperfections in the choice of our religion, but search for truth without designs, save only of acquiring heaven, and then be as careful to preserve charity, as we are to get a point of faith. I am much persuaded we should find out more truths by this means; or however (which is the main of all) we shall be secured though we miss them; and then we are well enough. – Jeremy Taylor.

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As to the dreaded alternative of Atheism, I have no fear of it. If the history of the world and of man teaches anything, it is that men will not be Atheists; and that, even if Atheism be the truth, there is no chance of its being established. Nor, on its own principles need it wonder at that; for if blind necessity or pure chance has framed the world, it has merely, as one would have expected, egregiously blundered; has so pleasantly constituted the universe and man, that man cannot but believe there is a God, even though there be none! Defence of "The Eclipse of Faith."

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Certain authors, speaking of their works, say "My book, my commentary, my history." It were better to say, "Our book, our history, our commentary;" for generally there is more in it belonging to others than to themselves. Pascal.

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I lay it down as a fact, that, if all men knew what they say of one another, there would not be four friends in the world. This appears by the quarrels which are sometimes caused by indiscreet reports. – Pascal.

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S.S. The heart has its reasons which reason cannot comprehend. . . . The will is one of the principal instruments of belief; not that it creates belief, but because things are true or false according to the aspect in which we regard them. The will, which is more inclined to one thing than another, turns away the mind from the consideration of those things which it loves not to contemplate; and thus the mind, moving with the will, stops to observe that which it approves, and forms its judgment by what it sees. – Pascal.

There are two things, we will venture to say, at which the philosophers of some future age will stand equally astonished; the one is, that any man should have been called upon to believe *any* mystery, whether of philosophy or religion, without a preponderance of evidence of a nature which he can grasp, or on the mere *ipse dixit* of a fallible creature like himself; the other, that, where there *is* such evidence, man should reject such a mystery merely because it is one. This last, perhaps, will be regarded as the more astonishing of the two. That man, who lives in a dwelling of clay, and looks out upon the illimitable universe through such tiny windows, — who stands, as Pascal sublimely says, between "two infinitudes" — who is absolutely surrounded by mysteries, which he overlooks only because he is so familiar with them, — should doubt a proposition (otherwise well sustained) from its intrinsic difficulty, does not seem very reasonable. But when we further reflect, that that very mind which thus erects itself into a standard of all things, is most ignorant of that which it ought best to know, — itself, — and finds there the most inscrutable of all mysteries; that when asked to declare what itself is, it is obliged to confess that it knows nothing about the matter, — nothing either of its own essence or its mode of operation; that it is sometimes inclined to think itself material, and sometimes immaterial; that it cannot quite come to a conclusion whether the body really exists or is a phantom, or in what way (if the body really exist) the intimate union between the two is maintained; — that is perplexed beyond expression even to conceive how these phenomena can be reconciled, — proclaiming it to be an almost equal contradiction to suppose that Matter can think, or the Soul be material, or a connection maintained between two totally different substances, and yet admitting that one of these must be true, though it cannot satisfactorily determine which; — when we reflect on all this, surely we cannot but feel that the spectacle of so ignorant a thing refusing to believe a proposition merely because it is above its comprehension, is of all paradoxes the most paradoxical, and of all absurdities the most ludicrous. — Henry Rogers.

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Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there?

Measure for Measure.

O for some thorough-hearted man o' the crowd,
A large-limbed, muscular, and genial soul,
All comprehensive, comprehensible
To all men! who shall talk in our own tongue,
Not in the language of a foregone world.
A blithe, world-shouldering, strong identity;
No pining, pale uprightness, from the stocks
And backboards of convention; – a man-soul
Fed on strong meat – love, hunger, anger, pain,
Want, war, hope; tingling hot from top to toe
With costly life; a burley, popular mind,
To walk, and talk, and teach in the loud street;
And jostle, and be jostled in the squares,
And breathe his broad humanity on all;
A full-armed life – at every point equipt
For our occasion; to unite, uplift,
And in himself express all offices,
Driving a pulse of life through lifeless things.

Blackwood, June 1854.

* * *

O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? Quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inertibus horis,
Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?

Horace.

* * *

I'll be a looker-on;
My dancing days are past.

Massinger.

* * *

Justice is a theorem; punishment is exact as Euclid; crime has its angles of incidence and its angles of reflection; and we men tremble when we perceive in the obscurity of human destiny the lines and figures of that enormous geometry which the crowd call chance, and the thinking man calls Providence. — Victor Hugo.

"Doe wel en Zie net om."
"Do what you ought; — happen what may".

I will disinherit you if you do not admire every thing written by Franklin. In addition to all other good qualities, he was thoroughly honest. S.S. — Life of Sydney Smith 2d vol. p. 137.

If you wish for any thing like happiness in the fifth act of life, eat and drink about one half what you *could* eat and drink. Ib. 2. p. 470.

A Philosopher of great eminence having advanced an opinion concerning something that might be determined by a microscopical observation, refused to look through a microscope that was brought to him, with the object ready prepared, when he was told that the inspection would refute his hypothesis.

Curran said of Madame de Stael, that "She had the power of *talking* herself into a beauty."

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So long as a belief in propositions is regarded as indispensable to salvation, the pursuit of truth, *as such*, is not possible, any more than it is possible for a man who is swimming for his life to make meteorological observations on the storm which threatens to overwhelm him. The sense of alarm and haste, the anxiety for personal safety, unmans the nature, and allows no thorough calm thinking, no truly noble, disinterested feeling. — Westminster Review, 1855.

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So every spirit, as it is more pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight,
With cheerful grace and amiable sight.
For, of the soul, the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make. Spenser.

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Quand on parle du loup, il sort du bois.

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There are errors which no wise man will treat with derision, lest they should be the reflection of some great truth yet below the horizon.
Coleridge.

Éviter les déperditions partielles et concentrer la vie sur un point pour en augmenter l'action, il n'est de talent et d'individualité qu'à ce prix. Dans ce sens Origène peut servir de type, sinon d'exemple. Il n'existe personne qui n'offre plus ou moins le sacrifice d'une partie de son être à l'autre. Dans les races athlétiques, le front se rétrécit à mesure que s'élargissent les épaules; chez les hommes de pensée, c'est le cerveau qui abuse des autres organes; vampire insatiable, tarissant parfois jusqu'à la dernière goutte de sang le corps qui lui sert de victime! *Gerfaut, par Chas. de Bernard.*

* * *

I'm apt to think the man
That could surmount the sum of things, and spy
The heart of God, and secrets of his empire,
Would speak but love. With him, the bright result
Would change the hue of intermediate ~~[things]~~ scenes,
And make one thing of all theology. *Gambold.*

* * *

I am now thoroughly convinced that the human will is free, and that *to be happy* is not the purpose of our being, but rather *to deserve happiness*. *Fichte.*

* * *

Faint hearts are usually false hearts, choosing sin rather than suffering. [Argyle before his execution.

* * *

Mere attention is an act of volition. Thinking implies more than this, and a still greater and more constant exercise of volition. It is with the mind as it is with the body. Where the volition is exercised there is fatigue; there is none otherwise: and in proportion as the volition is more exercised, so is the fatigue greater. The muscle of the heart acts sixty or seventy times in a minute, and the muscles of respiration act eighteen or twenty times in a minute, for seventy or eighty, or in some rare instances even for a hundred years; but there is no feeling of fatigue. The same amount of muscular exertion under the influence of volition induces fatigue in a few hours. I am refreshed by a few hours' sleep. I believe that I seldom, if ever, sleep without dreaming. But in sleep there is a suspension of volition. If there be occasions on which I do not enjoy the full and complete benefit of sleep, it is when my sleep is imperfect; when my dreams are between waking and sleeping, and a certain amount of volition may be supposed to be mixed up with the phantoms of the imagination.

Sir B. Brodie. 1857.

I consider it fortunate that I was left much to myself as a child, and put on no particular plan of study, and that I enjoyed much idleness at Mr. Coryton's school. I, perhaps, owe to these circumstances the little talents I have, and their peculiar application. What I am I made myself. I say this without vanity and in pure simplicity of heart. Sir Humphrey Davy.

The great amount of acquirement rendered necessary by the higher class of examinations as they are now conducted, not only in the universities, but in some other institutions, while it strengthens the power of learning, is by no means favorable to the higher faculty of reflection. Sir B. Brodie.

It is to me wholly inconceivable that any exaltation of the known properties of matter should produce the conscious indivisible monad which I feel myself to be. Ib.

When the materialist argues that we know nothing of mind except as being dependent on material organization, I turn his argument against himself, and say that the existence of my own mind is the only thing of which I have any positive and actual knowledge. Ib.

The Process of Dying.

An army correspondent of the Christian Inquirer, in one of the hospitals—an exceedingly intelligent man, writes :—

"You learn something here of the character of death. Those whose ideas on the subject have been derived from the issues of the American Tract Society, are likely to have their views much modified. Dying is as natural as living, when we allow it to be so. I saw men die at the rate of two per day, and in all cases the dying was as natural as the living. It was a part of the great process of nature, full of mystery, calling largely upon our faith, but with no fear to a believer in a wise and good God." Such an experience will strike many readers, who think death is accompanied with much physical pain and mental anguish, as very singular; and we notice one religious newspaper comments very severely on this very letter; but we think the testimony of all observers will agree with this writer, that "dying is as natural as living, when it is allowed to be so." Lord Bacon expressed this conclusion thus :—"It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant perhaps one is as painful as the other."

We get our impressions of the fact of dying, more from clergymen than any other class of men, though it would be more reasonable to apply for information to physicians; and death-bed scenes have been so often depicted as frightful, by a certain class who would affect sensitive and ignorant persons, that we forget what nature teaches, and adopt their unnatural descriptions.—There are undoubtedly instances of such agony, as is set forth; excruciating pains and great suffering, to the end; but these cases form the exceptions to the general rule. Nature sinks to the repose of death as it does to sleep. It is preceded by freedom from pain of body and mind, and most frequently life closes with numbness and insensibility.—Where the mind continues active, dying is most often a happy condition. Thousands of dying persons have so expressed themselves—virtuous and wicked, those hopeful for another life, and those without decided views in relation to the future. "If I had strength to hold a pen," said one, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." "If this be dying," said Lady Glenorchy, "it is the easiest thing imaginable." "I thought it was more difficult," said Louis XIV. "I did not suppose it was so sweet to die," said Francis Saurez, the Spanish theologian.

Ever so many cases have there been, where those snatched from the very jaws of death have witnessed that the apparent approach of the last moment was accompanied not only by a sense of ease, but a feeling of positive happiness.

Montaigne, who was knocked senseless and taken up for dead, says—"Methought my life only hung upon my lips, and I shut my eyes to help thrust it out, and took a pleasure in languishing and letting myself go." Many cases of hanging, where life has been restored, have been the same; and so in drowning; and also in freezing, as well as in death by violence. Says one who was rescued from drowning, after he had become unconscious—"A sleepy sensation, which soothed and gratified, made a luxurious bed of a watery grave." In freezing there is no suffering, but rather an enticing influence to induce the person to lie down and enjoy the fatal slumber. Said an Arctic voyager to one arousing him with the warning that he would die if he slept, "That is all that I desire." This was the case with thousands of soldiers in Napoleon's Russian campaign, who left their bodies lining the way from the German frontier to Moscow. Even where men die of violence, as by shooting on the battle-field, there is seldom any sense of suffering. Charles XII. of Sweden was shot through the brain, but the mind went on to the end as usual, and his last act was to grasp the sword. In very many instances in this war where men have fallen, they would simply remark—"I believe I am shot."—[Newpuryport Herald.

it. I am for the Union as unconditionally as I am for protecting my own body, at every cost and hazard, from the knife of the assassin. *No human institution, no earthly interest, shall ever by me be weighed in the scales against the life of my country.*—[JOSEPH HOLT.

Opposition to the Government.

We have never accounted ourself as an idolator of this or any other administration. All governing powers have their faults, and it is no more than proper that these should be commented on and exposed. To do this is a duty incumbent alike on the political friends and the political foes of those in power. It can not be expected that a like forbearance should be used by both these classes. The one is the natural supporter, the other the natural opponent of those who direct affairs. The one watches with a sympathy which leads him to put a favorable construction on their acts; the other observes with opposite instincts and apprehensions. Both are necessary, and both are healthy, if the acts of neither are carried to an extreme. It is no more than just that the best side of the government's actions should be presented, and the best motives imputed to it; and, on the other hand, it is conducive to good results that there should be a class in the community watchful, jealous, prompt to resent any encroachment upon justice or the rights of the minority.

President Lincoln's administration has had its faults. No one denies this. We have alluded to them with freedom and frankness. We have spoken of them the more earnestly on some occasions, because it seemed to us that the crisis through which the country was passing was so awful, the stake so momentous, the consequences of error so far-reaching, involving no less than the sacrifice of the government itself, that ordinary political sympathies should be disregarded and forgotten. The times required that every one who had the public ear should speak openly, plainly, emphatically, without regard to past friendships or present affiliations. We have tried to do this in the spirit of a friend of the administration, but more as a lover of the country. If we have ever failed in our fealty to the President of our own party, we have the consolation of knowing that we did it in what we believed to be the highest interests of the nation. welf had been *only* a partisan, we might have glossed over and excused its action—stood by it in its errors and in its hesitations—bent all our energies to uphold its acts, and left the praise of Democratic statesmen to the organs of their own party. This would have made us a good party man—but it would *not* have made us a patriot. We should have forfeited our own self-respect, and the confidence of our friends, if, on the one hand, we had failed to speak in praise of such Democrats as Holt, Johnson, Owen, and Brownson; or, on the other, to condemn the faltering polcy of the present Secretary of State and members of the Republican party under his influence.

So much for our own course, and that of many other loyal Republicans, towards the

My faith in all this matter is simple and brief-
ly stated. It is this—For all things that are for
the Union; against all things that are against
am for the Union as unconditionally as I
body, at every cost

Attention implies volition; that is, it is that effort of volition by which an object which would otherwise have immediately passed away, is kept present to the mind during a certain period of time. Ib.

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I have purposely avoided using the word unconsciousness, for as to that it is plain that we know nothing. The mind may be in operation, although the suspension of the sensibility of the nervous system, and of the influence of volition over the muscles, destroys its connection with the external world, and prevents all communication with the minds of others. * * * I have been curious to watch the state of dying persons, and I am satisfied that, where an ordinary observer would not for an instant doubt that the individual is in a state of complete stupor, the mind is often active even at the very moment of death. * * * According to my observation, the mere act of dying is seldom, in any sense of the word, a very painful process. * * exceptions to the general rule, which is, that both mental and bodily suffering terminates long before the scene is finally closed. Then as to the actual fear of death: it seems to me that the Author of our existence, for the most part, gives it to us when it is intended that we should live, and takes it away from us when it is intended that we should die. Those who have been long tormented by bodily pain are generally as anxious to die as they ever were to live. * * * I have myself never known but two instances in which, in the act of dying, there were manifest indications of the fear of death. The individuals to whom I allude were unexpectedly destroyed by hemorrhage.

Ib.

* * *

The horse will weep like his master, and the big tears course as rapidly down his cheeks from grief and pain. Ib.

* * *

The observations of M. Dujardin place it beyond a doubt that bees have some means of communicating with each other, answering the purpose of speech. Ib.

* * *

If the Deity had no other intention than that of maintaining on the surface of the globe a large number of living beings susceptible of enjoyment and indulging in sensual gratifications, with a very small proportion of painful feelings, such intention would have been sufficiently carried out by the creation of animals endowed with imperfect memory, with no capability of experience, with no thought as to the future, and acting solely under the direction of instinct. That the scheme of creation is not thus limited, and that it tends to some ulterior and grander object, we may well conclude from the existence of that principle of intelligence the dawning of which we observe in the lower animals, and which we find more completely developed in the human race. Ib.

* * *

The testimony of sense may convince us that a certain given phenomenon does not exist; but can sense prove that it cannot exist? ** To appeal to sense in order to prove the non-agency, and therefore the non-existence, of an object, not perceptible by sense, is, of all extravagances in argument, surely the most enormous.

Rev. Alex. Crombie's Natural Theology.

* * *

In every moment of our existence the mind is continually employed either in one way or another. The evidence of this proposition arises from our consciousness. Nobody can divest himself of thought, not even for a moment; and no argument against the proposition can with reason be drawn from certain periods of time past during which no recollectio of any thought can be made; for it is a thing undoubted that after an hour elapses a very small portion of our past thoughts are recollected. Therefore to allege that during a particular period the mind has not thought, because we have no recollection of it, would be the same as if it should be alleged, that during certain periods of our past life we had not existed, because we cannot recollect where we had been at the time. — Dr. J. Hutton's Investigation into the Principles of Knowledge.

* * *

Prof. Henry denies that man is made of dust. He says Modern science has established, by a wide and careful induction, the fact that plants and animals principally consist of solidified air; the only portions of an earthly character which enter their compositions being the ashes which remain after combustion. All the other parts were originally in the atmosphere.

* * *

If it be further said that men easily believe what they anxiously desire, I again answer that in my opinion the very contrary of this is nearer the truth. Anxiety of desire, earnestness of expectation, the vastness of an event, rather causes men to disbelieve, to doubt, to dread a fallacy, to distrust, to examine. When our Lord's resurrection was first reported to the apostles, they did not believe, we are told, for joy. This was natural, and is agreeable to experience. — Paley.

* * *

If any one find it too great a strain upon his thoughts to admit the notion of a substance strictly immaterial, that is, from which extension and solidity are excluded, he can find no difficulty in allowing, that a particle as small as a particle of light, minuter than all conceivable dimensions, may just as easily be the depository, the organ, and the vehicle of consciousness, as the congeries of animal substance, which forms a human body, or the human brain; that, being so, it may transfer a proper identity to whatever shall hereafter be united to it; may be safe amidst the destruction of its integuments; may connect the natural with the spiritual, the corruptible with the glorified body. If it be said that the mode and means of all this is imperceptible by our senses, it is only what is true of the most important agencies and operations. The great powers of Nature are all invisible. Gravitation, electricity, magnetism, though constantly present and constantly exerting their influences; though within us, near us, and about us; though diffused throughout all space, overspreading the surface or penetrating the contexture of all bodies with which we are acquainted, depend upon substances and actions, which are totally concealed from our senses. The Supreme Intelligence is so himself.

Paley.

A calcined human body weighs only 8 ounces; mere drying reduces it to one-tenth of its weight: Thus nine-tenths of the whole body are water. — The blood and nervous matter is nearly all water. Man begins his existence as a microscopic vesicle of almost pure & transparent water. Dr. T. L. Nichols.

The first object of every author ought to be to write correctly; the second, to write naturally and unaffectedly; and the third, if indeed it is not Combined in the other two, to write gracefully and attractively. We entirely agree with Dugald Stewart, that "the works which Continue to please from age to age are written with perfect simplicity, while those which Captivate the multitude by a display of meretricious ornaments, if by Chance they should survive the fashions to which they are accomodated, remain only to furnish a subject of ridicule to posterity." And this explains the remark of Pascal, that *les meilleurs livres sont ceux que chaque lecteur croit qu'il auroit pu faire*. Let every writer bear in mind that the foundation and basis of the English language is Anglo Saxon. *Fraser's* Mag. 1857.

Of the English language, Jacob Grimm, the German (as cited by Trench in his 'English Past and Present) says: "In wealth, good sense, and closeness of structure, no other of the languages at this day spoken deserves to be Compared with it – not even our German, which is torn even as we are torn, and must first rid itself of many defects before it Can enter boldly into the lists as a Competitor with the English". Fraser's Mag. 1857.

The earth-life is but a state of probation and preperation in which everything has reference to another world; we sow here, to reap in a mysterious future; the actions of every hour of our life here, will affect our good or evil destiny in eternity. Here must we decide what shall become of us there. Here, must we accustom ourselves to think heavenly thoughts, in order that we may there be able to appreciate the joys and occupations of heaven's inhabitants. Here must our souls be freed from every impurity and selfishness which would be cast off as froth by the pure ethereal streams of that life. π. Here may we commence a life of bliss, which will there become perfected; even here may our spirits, like that of Enoch, dwell with God, whom we are destined to behold more clearly in eternity. — Wieland.

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It is impossible that any thing so natural, so necessary, and so universal as death, should ever have been designed by Providence as an evil to mankind. Swift.

* * *

— Manus hæc inimica tyrannis
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.

[Quoted in Gibbon's Autobiog: p. 138.

* * *

According to our living here, we shall hereafter, by a hidden concatenation of causes, be drawn to a condition answerable to the purity or impurity of our Souls in this life: that silent Nemesis that passes through the whole Contexture of the Universe, ever fatally contriving us into such a state as we ourselves have fitted our selves for by our accustomary actions. Of so great consequence is it, while we have opportunity, to aspire to the best things. — Henry More on the Immortality of the Soul, p. 449. (Ed. 1659.)

* * *

But as for perfect Scepticisme, it is a disease incurable, and a thing rather to be pittied, or laught at, then seriously opposed. For when a man is so fugitive and unsettled, that he will not stand to the verdict of his own faculties, one can no more fasten any thing upon him then he can write in the water, or tye knots of the wind. Ib. p. 5.

* * *

Whenever any such criminal in hell shall be found making such a sincere and mournful address to the righteous and merciful judge of all, if at the same time he is truly humble and penitent for his past sins, and is grieved at his heart for having offended his Maker, and melts into sincere repentance, — and what sinner will not? — I cannot think a God of equal and rich mercy will continue such a creature under his vengeance, but rather that the perfections of God will contrive a way for his escape. — Dr. Watts in his "World to Come."

* * *

Spiritual Phenomena. We are sometimes met with the question Cui bono? We deny our obligation, as a condition of rational faith, to prove the Cui bono. It may exist where we see it not, and have important ends to accomplish with which we are unacquainted. We conceive that what was in ages preceding those of the apostles, and what occurred in their days, may occur again. Dr. John Campbell in British Banner, Nov. 1852.

* * *

I have often wondered what an Atheist can have to say at a death-bed: though I suppose he is seldom present at any — except his own. It must surely be an awkward place for him. A man who thinks this world all, must find it hard to say any thing consolatory to one who feels that all fleeting away from him. How consoling it must be for a wife to be told by her husband — "We are about, my dear creature, to part, — and to part forever; but let not that disturb you; let me remind you that it is a universal law. You are nothing but a chance-composition of organic molecules nor am I any thing more; we shall never have individual Consciousness again. But let me tell you, for your unspeakable Consolation, that you will pass into new forms, and sublimely, though unconsciously, last forever!" The Consolation is "unspeakable." Henry Rogers.

* * *

"It is all a dream", Says the Atheist. Then let me dream on, you fool. The dream is better than reality – this falsehood than the truth. Ib.

* * *

However sublime and momentous the theme of our meditations, if it really be beyond us, it is just as much a waste of our energies and our time to meddle with it, as to busy ourselves with the veriest trifle in existence,. If you look ever so fixedly into utter darkness, it is but a waste of eyes, and you might as well keep them shut. Ib.

* * *

In these days in which the obscure, nay, the unintelligible, both in philosophy and poetry, Seems to many young minds so ridiculously, so fantastically seductive, resolve on keeping thought and expression clear, and Study all such writers as may set you an example of superiority to all the nonsense talked about "perfect perspecuity" being inconsistent with "depth." Ib.

What, gentlemen, do you suppose that I am to make friends with Socrates and Phocion, and believe that human nature is full of the devil, and that only baptism can give chance for a holy life? J. A. Froude (Nemesis of Faith.)

* * *

G. G. To tell a man it is his duty to submit his judgment to the Church, is like telling a wife it is her duty to love her husband — a thing easy to say, but meaning simply nothing. Affection must be won, not commanded. Ib.

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A great and celebrated man in Holland — De Witt — was once asked how it happened that he got through so much business; and his answer was, that it was by two rules which he always observed — to do one thing only at a time, and never to put off till tomorrow what he could do to-day. These were his golden rules. I knew a great Statesman, now no more, of another Country, who used to say, on the other hand, his principle was "Never to do to-day what you could put off till tomorrow;" and when I cried out against this, he gave me half a dozen instances in which much advantage had occurred from his continual procrastination of measures that were pressed upon him. Lord Brougham.

* * *

Our duty to God is not now to fear him, and to love Him, and to walk in his ways, but to hold certain opinions about Him, to maintain the truth of certain old histories about Him.
Froude.

* * *

And then there is another thing, Arthur, which seems to be taught, not in the Old Testament, but in the New, which I should have to say I believed; a doctrine this, not a history, and a doctrine so horrible that it could only have taken root in mankind when they were struggling in the perplexities of Manicheeism, and believed that the Devil held a divided empire with God. I mean that the largest portion of mankind, these very people who live about us, feel with us, act with us, are our daily companions – the people we meet at dinner or see in the streets, that are linked in with us with innumerable ties of common interests, common occupations – these very people are to be tortured for ever and ever in unspeakable agonies. My God! and for what? *** And for God who knows all! who not only knows all, but who determined all – who dealt us out our natures and placed us as it pleased Him! *** I cannot tell. It may be from some moral obliquity in myself, or from some strange disease; but for me, and I should think, too, for every human being in whose breast a human heart is beating, to know that one single creature is in that dreadful place would make a hell of heaven itself. And they have hearts in heaven, for they love there. Justice! What justice? * * How durst men forge our Saviour's words "eternal death" into so horrible a meaning? And even if he did use other words, and seem to countenance such a meaning for them (and what witness have we that He did, except that of men whose ignorance or prejudice might well have interpreted these words wrongly as they did so many others?) . . . But I am on dangerous ground; only it seems to me that it would be as reasonable to build a doctrine on every poet's metaphor, or lecture on the organic structure of the Almighty because it is said the scent of Noah's sacrifice pleased Him, as to build theories of the everlasting destiny of mankind on a single vehement expression of one whose entire language was a figure. Ib.

I could never fear a God who kept a hell prison-house. No, not though he flung me there because I refused. Ib.

The Mahometans say their Koran was written by God. The Hindoos say the Vedas were; we say the Bible was, and we are but interested witnesses in deciding absolutely and exclusively for ourselves. If it be immeasurably the highest of the three, it is because it is not the most divine but the most human. It does not differ from them in kind; and it seems to me that in ascribing it to God we are doing a double dishonor; to ourselves for want of faith in our soul's strength, and to God for making Him responsible for our weakness. There is nothing in it but what men might have written; much, oh much, which it would drive me mad to think any but men, and most mistaken men, had written. Yet still, as a whole, it is by far the noblest collection of sacred books in the world. Ib.

* * *

S.G. Why is it thought so very wicked to be an unbeliever? Rather, why is it assumed that no one can have difficulties unless he is wicked? Because an anathema upon unbelief has been appended as a guardian of the creed. Ib.

* * *

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis
(Ut prisca gens mortalium)
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fenore. Hor. Epod. ii.

* * *

It is the privilege of the novelist to be always acquainted with the secret motives of those, whose conduct and characters he delineates: but the writer of history can know no more than his authorities have disclosed, or the facts themselves

THE SOUL.

One thinks the soul is air; another, fire;
Another, blood diffus'd about the heart;
Another saith the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth give a part.
But, as the sharpest eye discerneth nought,
Except the sunbeam in the air do shine,
So the best soul with her reflecting thought,
Sees not herself without some light divine.

[Davies.

The land attached to the premises consists of nearly acres, which is tastefully laid out, and adorned with for trees, shrubbery, and gay flowers.

The fruit, such as apples, pears. peaches, plums, ch ries, currants, blackberries, strawberries, raspber thimbleberries, &c., will be found in abundance, and the choicest kinds.

The entire grounds are finely shaded, and near the ho there is a beautiful pond, which is encircled with grac elms, and while these sparkling waters add to the v and beauty of this estate, they also impart a cooling in ence to everything around.

The proprietor having removed to Boston, regrets circumstances require a sale of this property., which ost him so much time and money, both of which, h necessarily suggest. If he indulge his imagination, if he pretend to detect the hidden springs of every action, the real origin of every event, he may embellish his narrative, but he will impose upon his readers, and probably upon himself. * * Few writers have done more to pervert the truth of history than philosophical historians. . . *Lingard.*

* * *

We frequently see persons in insane hospitals, sent there in consequence of what are called *religious* mental disturbances. I confess that I think better of them than of many who hold the same notions, and keep their wits and appear to enjoy life very well, outside of the asylums. Any decent person ought to go mad, if he really holds such or such opinions. What is the use of my saying what some of these opinions are. Perhaps more than one of you hold such as ought to send you straight over to Somerville, if you have any logic in your heads, or any human feeling in your hearts. Anything that is brutal, cruel, heathenish, that makes life hopeless for the most of mankind and perhaps for entire races, — anything that assumes the necessity of the extermination of instincts which were given to be regulated, — no matter by what name you call it, – no matter whether a fakir, or a monk, or a deacon believes it, – if received, ought to produce insanity in every well regulated mind. O. W. Holmes.

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The Pacific Hotel in St. Louis was destroyed by fire in February, 1858, and twenty-one lives lost. On the night of the fire a little brother of Mr. Henry Rochester, living at home with his parents, near Avon, in the State of New York, awoke some time after midnight with screaming and tears, saying that the hotel in St. Louis was on fire, and that his brother Henry was burning to death. So intense was his alarm and horror that it was with considerable difficulty he could be quieted. On the following day, at noon, the parents received a telegraphic dispatch from St. Louis confirming the little boy's dream in every particular.

* * *

We heard of a pious preacher, a few days since, telling his congregation that he came not to teach them morality, but to save their souls. Harper's Mag. April 1858. p. 643.

Breviloquence.

"As to the immortality of the soul, I maintain that we all feel it independently of revelation. It is not a mathematical certainty – that does not belong to moral questions; but it is precisely a moral certainty. Without this belief there is neither religion, charity, nor possible virtue. Not that I believe those who deny immortality to be incapable of virtue; but I maintain that they are actuated by a confused feeling of immortality, which, in spite of every thing, works in them. Their opinion is but a negative doubt, and the want of an intellectual sense. I conjure you then, with tears in my eyes, not to withhold this support and consolation from your Children. Do not throw them into the void and desolation of metaphipsical doubt. Second the impulses of their pure souls; give them – give them a positive religion!" – Letter to Bianca Milesi Mojon, in Emile Souvestre's memoir of her, written and printed for private circulation. B. M. M. died in Paris, 1849.

* * *

We fancy there is more meaning and applicability in the name of 'Spasmodic' given to so much of the poetry which has been produced of late years, than the first givers of that name saw in it. For what constitutes Spasm but weakness trying to be strong and collapsing in the effort? *** It is their fatal fault to seek for that which is rare and peculiar, and to be afraid of that which is common, and timid of matter-of-fact and mere flesh and blood. If they do not do this intentionally, then so much the worse is it for the class of mind that is so limited and perverse as to take this direction instinctively. Either they seem not to share our ordinary feelings and plain humanities of thought and speech, or they cannot grasp ordinary realities; for the emotion to be sung, or the character to be painted, must have branched off far from the ordinary channel of human affairs, and run into an isolated and particular experience, before it is fitted for their poetic purpose. They refine upon reality till it becomes the faintest shadow, and only attempt to grasp it at the stage in which it cannot be laid hold of. ** If he have sufficient genius, it is in universal experience that he will find his greatest strength. ** If he have not sufficient genius, then all the seeking in the world, or out of it, for that which is remote and uncommon, will be but of little avail in disguising his weakness. – North British Review, 1858.

The common observation respecting the impolicy of persecution (in influencing religious belief), and its unfitness to attain its ends, is one of those which we rather wish to be true, than in the majority of instances Can prove to be so. Dyers Life of Calvin. p. 21.

* * *

Nothing, however, was further from the intention of the Roman Catholic priests than discussion. They had been heard to say, "*Si disputetur, totum nostrum mysterium destruetur.*" "If we argue, our trade is gone". Ib. p. 51.

* * *

The assertion of Simon Magus, who is mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, and called by ecclesiastical historians the first Christian heretic, that 'Men are saved according to his grace, and not according to just works,' Contains in it the essence of Calvinism. Ib. p. 280. quoted from Tomline's Refutation of Calvinism ch. viii., p. 571.

* * *

His treatment of Servetus (Calvin's) and the Spirit and tenor of the greater part of his Controversial tracts show that a man may be a profound theologian, and yet not comprehend the true spirit of Christianity.

* * *

Like all men of truly deep thought, Calvin never leaves his reader at a loss for his meaning. It is only the pretenders to profundity who puzzle by reflections which they have not the power to develop clearly in their own minds.

* * *

Si la bonté morale est conforme à notre nature, l'homme ne sauroit être sain d'esprit, ni bien constitué qu'autant qu'il est bon. Si elle ne l'est pas, et que l'homme soit méchant naturellement, la bonté n'est en lui qu'un vice contre nature; un homme humain seroit un animal aussi dépravé qu'un loup pitoyable; et la vertu seule nous laisseroit des remords. Rousseau.

* * *

He who wisely would restrain the reasonable soul of man within due bounds, must first himself know perfectly, how far the territory and dominion extends of just and honest liberty. As little must he offer to bind that which God has loosed, as to loosen that which He hath bound. The ignorance and mistake of this high point hath heaped up one huge half of all the misery that hath been since Adam.

Milton on Divorce.

* * *

Not much longer will an intelligent, cultivated, thoughtful man bear to be told that he must not pretend to judge of religious matters, because he is blind, because his nature is no better than a blind Samson fighting against religion. Ay, a blind Samson, put out, to grind in the mill,—to grind out material subsistence and revenue for religion; no other part does the church allow it,—no other part or lot in the matter. — Dewey, 1858.

* * *

Whosoever, I say, among the dregs of that common people, has but sucked in this principle, that he was not born for his prince, but for God and his Country; he deserves the reputation of a learned, and an honest, and a wise man more, and is of greater use in the world, than yourself. For such a one is learned without letters; you have letters, but no learning, that understand so many languages, turn over so many volumes, and yet are but asleep when all is done. Milton to Salmasius. Chap. 1.

* * *

—Manus haec inimica tyrannis
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.

Written by Algernon Sidney in the album
of the University of Copenhagen.

* * *

Now stand you on the top of happy hours. Shaks. Son.

This most beautiful system of Sun, planets, and Comets, could only proceed from the Counsel and dominion of an intelligent and powerful being. And if the fixed stars are Centres of other like systems, these being formed by the like wise counsel, must all be subject to the dominion of One. This Being governs all things, not as the soul of the world, but as Lord over all: and on account of his dominion he is wont to be called Lord God, Ruler Universal. - The supreme God is a Being eternal, infinite, absolutely perfect. - Sir Isaac Newton.

* * *

In those books which have the greatest proof of revelation from God, and the attestation of miracles to confirm their being so, the miracles are to be judged by the doctrine, and not the doctrine by the miracles. - John Locke.

* * *

S.S. It appears from Mr. Hall, that "heaven is a place for those who have alighted on the right interpretation of certain ancient books." ** If this be the internal character of the gospel, no external testimony could prove it true. The moral evidence against the foregoing propositions exceeds in strength any concatenation of historical proofs in favor of the Divine origin of the system said to comprise them. ** The insulting practice of applying terms descriptive of *moral depravity* to supposed *intellectual errors* was much in favor with Mr. Hall. It is to be regretted that one who could so powerfully hurl the bolt of reason should condescend to roll these mimic thunders on the imagination. — *James Martineau.*

* * *

The prevailing notion is, that a certain state of mind, belief in the vicarious merits of Christ, directly procures eternal life, and transfers the destination of the possessor from hell to heaven. No relation of cause and effect can be discovered between the condition and the consequence, the faith and the reward. Why the sanguinary sacrifice is to benefit only those who are aware of it, why God restricts his salvation to those who have a perception of his method in accomplishing it, why this unintelligible crime of not seeing the atonement, happens to be the only sin for which there is no atonement, it is impossible to say. We are only told that the wrath of God rests upon it; and that the single act of faith, that one conjunction of ideas in the mind of the worshiper, dissipates the cloud of divine anger, and draws down the smile of heaven. The agency then of this kind of religion is upon the mind of God, and it operates *as a charm*, without any perceptible

Causation, but mysteriously and magically. The moment we have possessed ourselves of this wonderful belief, we carry about with us *a spell*, which renders us invulnerable by the ills of futurity. *James Martineau*.

* * *

Most of those who have entertained a high respect for natural religion have been heterodox in their Christian theology. Clarke, the representative of the metaphysical school of writers on natural theology, was an Arian, and therefore without belief in the *Infinite* sacrifice; Paley, the representative of the practical school, was avowedly a Conformist from poverty, not from principle. Locke maintained that no seeming revelation could render anything credible that was not reasonable. Newton is known to have been infected by the Unitarian heresy. All this experience proves, that wherever the habit and the taste have been acquired of exercising the reason on the moral and religious relations of the human being, the saving faith loses its chances of acceptance; that the evidence of nature cannot be made to succumb before fancied essentials of scripture; and that with whatever ingenuity and sincerity inspiration may be called in to thrust back the encroachments of the understanding, the result in the long run of any competition with the natural reason of mankind, will inevitably be defeat. It is the intuitive perception of this danger, the consciousness that their favorite spell of belief in the vicarious merits of Christ is contradicted by the analogies of nature, and will give way before that contradiction, which determines the orthodox to cry down the religion derived by the natural mind from the common works and ways of God. If nature be not stifled, their faith is gone. *Ib.*

That God should make *any* form of opinion, even the most reasonable, a condition of immortal well-being, that he should seek to persuade us by brandishing terrors in our view, would imply such an ignorance of our nature, such a poverty of reason, such a confusion of the functions of the understanding and the will, such a barbaric exercise of sheer power, that in proportion as we ascribe to Him the attributes of wisdom and of goodness, we shall feel it to be impossible. And that he should select for his condition of salvation a doctrine, which is not only unsupported by any analogy of nature, but absolutely contradicted by all – *** that God should choose this faith as the only access to his mercy, may be admitted when language ceases to have meaning, and reason abdicates its seat. – Ib. Relation of Nat. Rel. to Christ'y.

On ne peut croire au devoir sans croire en même temps à Dieu, à la liberté, à l'immortalité. Personne ne se sacrifierait pour le devoir, si le devoir était d'institution humaine. On lui donne son repos, sa fortune, sa vie parce qu'on reconnaît qu'il vient de Dieu. La plus irréfutable démonstration de l'existence de Dieu, c'est la vie et la mort d'un juste. Jules Simon.

* * *

On a très-bien dit: "Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop." Cela est vrai du naturel que nous nous donnons comme du naturel que Dieu nous donne. La seconde nature est aussi tenace que la première. Qui n'a remarqué cent fois qu'on s'habitue à jurer, à fumer, à prendre des liqueurs fortes? Si nous venions à prouver qu'on s'habitue aussi à être honnête homme, ou à avoir la conscience large, ne serait-il pas évident qu'il n'y a pas de question plus importante pour la morale que celle d'étudier l'origine, la nature et les lois de l'habitude? Ib. Devoir, p. 67.

* * *

There is much hidden in all men, which requires a transference into new scenes for its complete manifestation. Those flashes of marvellous light which sometimes break forth under strong excitement from the dullest minds — the profound foresight and sagacity which very ordinary men have been known to display when motives of unusual force have been applied to them — point to the existence of dormant faculties, which, unless God can be supposed to have _over-furnished_ the soul for its appointed field of action, seem only to be awaiting more favorable circumstances, to awaken and disclose themselves.

Tayler's Chri. Asp. of Duty.

* * *

Cette idée que l'homme est un être double qui se compose d'une âme et d'un corps, l'âme étant la maîtresse et le corps le serviteur, mais un serviteur parfois récalcitrant et qui n'obéit qu'à certaines conditions, cette idée, disons-nous, c'est la croyance du genre humain, c'est une croyance naïve, spontanée, universelle, qui a existé de tout temps, et qui se retrouve par tous pays. Quelque haut que l'on remonte dans l'étude de l'histoire, quelque loin que l'on s'aventure sur les pas des voyageurs, on est sûr de la rencontrer. C'est la croyance des Assyriens, des Babyloniens et des Mèdes, de même que celle des Européens de nos jours; c'est la croyance du Lapon et du Hottentot, du Kamtschadale, et de l'Australasien, de même que celle de l'Anglais et du Français. Toutes les traditions, toutes les religions, toutes les langues, tous les livres, toutes les relations des navigateurs en rendent également témoignage. Il y a mieux; c'est la croyance involontaire de ceux-là même qui professent théoriquement l'opinion opposée. Dès qu'ils cessent de se tenir sur leurs gardes, on les surprend et ils se surprennent eux-mêmes à parler de leur âme et de leur corps comme le vulgaire.

Damiron – Revue Française, Sept. 1829.

* * *

Honnête homme ou vaurien, qu'importait cela, pourvou que j'allasse à la messe? Il ne faut pas croire, au reste, que cette façon de penser soit particulière aux catholiques, elle est celle de toute religion dogmatique où l'on fait l'essentiel, non de faire, mais de croire, Rousseau. Confessions.

* * *

Philosophy of Comte. Le genre humain, il est vrai, adore Dieu, et la philosophie qui recueille cette sainte foi la consacre par le génie des Newton et des Leibnitz. N'importe, M. Comte s'inscrit en faux contre le genre humain et contre le génie. Il supprime Dieu par amour pour la simplicité; des-lors plus d'idées absolues, dans la science; rien que des idées relatives; plus de métaphysique, d'ontologie, de théodicée: il n'y a de science que celle de la nature. Première simplification.

La nature comprend deux ordres de choses: les êtres physiques ou la matière, les êtres moraux out l'esprit. Supprimons l'esprit, ne conservons que la matière. Plus de phénomènes de conscience, plus de psychologie, plus d'idéologie; rien que les sciences mathematiques et physiques. Seconde simplification.

Nous touchons à l'unité, mais nous n'y sommes pas tout-à-fait encore. Le monde physique, en effet, a deux élémens: l'un, saisi par les sens, les phénomènes; l'autre, qui échappe aux sens, l'espace et le temps, la matière en soi, l'essence des corps, les causes des phénomènes. Supprimons encore tout cela; il ne restera plus que des phénomènes visibles, palpables, et des lois qui ne sont que ces phénomènes généralisés.

Quelle admirable unité! quelle homogénéité encore inconnue dans la matière des sciences, dans leur méthode, dans leur résultats! Le beau idéal de la simplification est atteint. Oui, cela est merveilleux, et qui pourrait se plaindre d'avoir acheté trop cher cette incomparable simplicité? qu'en coute-t-il en definitive? rien que ces trois seules choses: Dieu, l'esprit, et la liberté.

Quelles sont les consequences de cette

métaphysique? Elles ont été mille fois déduites. Si Dieu et l'âme ne sont que des mots, des illusions, un seul objet est digne de nous intéresser: notre destinée terrestre. La vie présente, voilà le seul théâtre de notre activité, le seul idéal où puisse aspirer cette ardeur de progrès et de félicité qui est le fond de notre nature. Maintenant, si les lois de l'humanité sont comme celles du monde physique, c'en est fait de la liberté et de la responsabilité morales. La mesure du droit de chacun, c'est la force ou le besoin. Tout individu a donc droit à toutes choses, pourvu seulement qu'il les désire et qu'il soit capable de s'en emparer. Réhabilitation de la chair, transformation de la terre en paradis, droit au travail, légitimité de la force, règne des masses, toutes les chimères, toutes les brutalités, toutes les seductions du socialisme trouvent naturellement leur place dans une doctrine dont le premier principe est la négation de Dieu, et la dernière consequence, l'idolâtrie de la personalité humaine.

Émile Saisset. (Revue des Deux Mondes)

O! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!

Shakspeare LIV Son.

Non, la philosophie sceptique n'est pas la philosophie. C'est beaucoup d'étudier le monde et de le féconder: que les esprits positifs se bornent a cette immense tâche, ils ne rendront à l'humanité que des services. Mais quand ils en viennent à nier toute autre réalité que celle qu'ils trouvent au bout de leurs instruments, et quand ils donnent pour la vérité unique, universelle, le coin de vérité qu'ils explorent, ils ne sont plus pour nous des bienfaiteurs, mais des ennemis. La religion Naturelle par Jules Simon p. 14. 5th ed.

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The existence of a system of temporal retribution confirms, it is said, the dogma of eternal punishment. Now, between finite error and finite punishment there is a proportion; but between finite error and infinite punishment there is no proportion. Thus, in its present application the argument from analogy fails precisely in that characteristic which gives analogy its proportion and strength. To estimate the exact amount of retribution due to individual offence may be a difficult calculation, but we may feel quite certain that, if there is any analogy between punishment in time and punishment in eternity, the penalty and transgression must be commensurable quantities. The consequence of misconduct upon earth may be permanent, without rendering life valueless; and

X

where it brings irremediable and intolerable misery, it brings also the sure specific for all human ills – death. However flagrant our crime, or severe our punishment, it ends. For years of wrong doing, human vengeance requires only years of suffering. Shall divine justice, though entreated by divine mercy, demand for the transient life of ~~sin~~ nothing less than an eternity of sorrow; for finite and natural error, infinite and supernatural torture? Westminster Rev. No. 138. Art. on Newman.

* * *

X (In the animal and vegetable kingdom.) Corresponding changes, hardly less striking than this, take place during the development of every one of the higher animals; and in every instance we see that, when a higher form is attained, the parts which had their uses in an inferior condition of existence, are cast off as cumbrous and unnecessary. * * All analogy, then, leads to the conclusion, that with the mortal body, the soul shall cast away those instruments, which are adapted only to the present material finite state of existence, &c. Carpenter's Vegetable Physiology & Botany, p 277, 8.

* * *

If a man has strong lungs, and keeps bawling day after day that he is a genius, the public will at last believe him. Sala.

* * *

If there be nothing new but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which laboring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child?

Shaks. 59th Son.

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Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow.

So. 59th.

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So are you to my thoughts as food to life
Or as sweet-seasoned Showers are to the ground. So. 75.

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Ah! do not when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe — **
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last
When other petty griefs have done their spite, —
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might. So. 90

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O! what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee! So. 95

=

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight
Drawn after you; you pattern of all those. So. 92

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments: love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds. — * *
Love's not Time's fool, tho' rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come.
Shaks. Son. 116

* * *

The deeds we do, the words we say, —
Into still air they seem to fleet,
They count them ever past,
But they shall last; —
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

* * *

Lyra Innocentium.

Prune thou thy ~~thoughts~~, thy thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And turn to purpose strong.

—

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow
Shrinks when hard service must be done
And faints at every woe.

—

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears
When hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers
Which bloom their hour and fade.

Lyra Germanica (?)

Je voudrais échauffer tout l'univers de mon gout pour les jardins. Il me semble qu'il est impossible qu'un méchant puisse l'avoir. Il n'est point de vertu que je ne suppose à celui qui aime à parler et à faire des jardins. Pères de famille, inspirez la jardinomanie à vos enfans. — Prince de Ligne.

* * *

In the narrative by Plato of the last days of Socrates, his friend Crito is represented as asking him the question, "How and where shall we bury you?" Socrates rebukes the phrase instantly: "Bury me," he answers, "in any way you please, if you can catch me to bury"; and at the same time smiling and looking gently round upon us, says his biographer, he said: "I cannot persuade Crito, my friends, that I am this Socrates, who is now conversing with you and arranging each part of this discourse, but he obstinately thinks I am that which he shall shortly behold dead, and he wants to know how he shall bury me. But that which I have been arguing with you so long, that when I have drunk this poison I shall be with you no longer, but shall depart straightway to some happy state of the blest, I seem to have argued in vain, and I cannot convince him." "Say rather, Crito," he urges once more, "say, if you love me, where shall you bury my *body*, and I will answer you,— Bury it in any manner and in any place you please."

* * *

May 6th, 1859. Alexander Von Humboldt died at Berlin. The sun shone brilliantly into the room where he died, and it is reported that his last words, addressed to his niece, were: "Wie herrlich diese Strahlen; sie scheinen die Erde zum Himmel zu rufen!" (How grand these rays! They seem to beckon Earth to Heaven!

* * *

Every where in organic nature we see the means not only subservient to an end, but that end accomplished by the simplest means. Hence we are compelled to regard the Great Cause of all, not like certain philosophic agents, as a uniform and quiescent mind, as an all-pervading *anima mundi*, but as an active and anticipating intelligence. * * * By these investigations (geological) we gain a still more important truth, viz., that the phenomena of the world do not succeed each other with the mechanical sameness attributed to them in the cycles of the epicurean philosophy; for we are able to demonstrate that the different epochs of the history of the earth were attended with corresponding changes of organic structure; and that, in all these instances of change, the organs, as far as we could comprehend their use, were exactly those best suited to the functions of the being. Hence we not only show intelligence evoking means adapted to the end; but, at successive times and periods, producing a change of mechanism adapted to a change in external conditions. Thus the highest generalisations in the science of organic bodies, like the Newtonian laws of universal matter, lead to the unequivocal conviction of a great First Cause which is certainly not mechanical. Prof. Owen in Lecture before Royal Soc. 1859.

* * *

Sing again the song you sung
When we were together young;
When there were but you and I
Underneath the summer sky.
Sing the song, and o'er and o'er,
Though I know that nevermore
Will it seem the song you sung
When we were together young. (Egyptian Serenade.)
(by Geo. Wm. Curtis)

* * *

Sir John Herschel is said to have composed the following lines in a dream:

Throw thyself on thy God, nor mock Him with feeble denial,
Sure of His love, and O! sure of His mercy at last;
Bitter & deep tho' the draught, yet drain thou the cup of thy trial,
And in its healing effect smile at the bitterness past.

* * *

Only to him in whom infinite aspirations stir, can an Infinite One be proved. F. W. Robertson.

* * *

There is nothing short of revelation that more beautifully or satisfactorily proves the existence of an Almighty mind, than the fewness and ſimplicity of the ultimate elements of animal and vegetable life. Thus, there are but four elementary principles essentially necessary, and but six generally employed, to form every variety of organic life; nitrogen, carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen are the bases, to which sulphur and phosphorus may be considered ſupplementary. With these, infinitely varied in their atomic proportions, are built up not only the whole animal kingdom, but also every variety of the vegetable world — from wheat, the staff of life, to the poison of the deadly Upas tree. It is also worthy of remark that these four elemental principles are those also of which both air and water are composed, so that air and water may be conſidered in fact and truth as being the original elements of organic life. — Dr. Toulman.

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"Allah, Allah!" cried the sick man, racked with pain
the long night through,
Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till his lips
like honey grew.

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But at morning came the Tempter; said, "Call louder,
child of Pain!
See if Allah hear, or answer, ever, "Here am
I again."

=

Like a stab the cruel cavil through his brain and
pulses went;
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a darkness
sent.

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Then, before him, stands Elias; says, "My child, why
thus dismayed?
Dost repent thy former fervor? Is thy soul
of prayer afraid?"
"Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often; never heard
the 'Here am I;'
And I thought, God will not pity; will not
turn on me his eye."

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Then the grave Elias answered, "God said, 'Rise,
Elias, go
Speak to him the sorely tempted; lift him
from his gulf of woe.

=

"Tell him that his very longing is itself an
answering cry;
That his prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah!' is
my answer, 'Here am I!'"

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Every inmost aspiration is God's angel
undefiled;
And in every 'O my Father!' slumbers deep
a 'Here, my child!'

Translation by Tholuck fr. Dschaladeddin, a famous Mohamm
[illegible]

Damigelle non dovrebbero essere troppo curiose

It is a great mistake to try to put our best thoughts into human language. When we ascend into the higher regions of emotion and spiritual enjoyment, they are only expressible by such grand hieroglyphics as these around us.
Hawthorne's Marble Faun. 2-41.

The curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest.
Shelley's Adonais.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart. — Ib.

There is no courage but in innocence,
No constancy but in an honest cause. Southern.

I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove:
And on the proof there is no more but this —
Away at once with love and jealousy. Shakspeare

Blest power of sunshine, genial day,
What balm, what life is in thy ray! — Moore.

O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world without that only tie
For which it wished to live or feared to die. — Ib.

X

Williams, who was drowned with Shelley, says in a note in his diary shortly before the event, – "After tea walked X with S. on the terrace. x x x Observing him sensibly affected I demanded of him if he was in pain; but he only answered by saying, 'There it is again! there!' He recovered after some time and declared that he saw, as plainly as he then saw me, a naked Child (Byron's Allegra, who had recently died) rise from the sea, and clasp its hands as if in joy, smiling at him. This was a trance that it required some reasoning and philosophy to wake him from entirely, so forcibly had the visions operated on his mind." Shelley Memorials, by Lady S.

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Here (at Pisa) the noble music of the organ deeply affected Shelley, who warmly assented to a remark of Leigh Hunt that a divine religion might be found out, if Charity were really made the principle of it, instead of faith. Ib.

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Nihil enim, si non corpus. Omne quod est, corpus est sui generis; nihil est incorporale, nisi quod non est. Quis enim negabit Deum corpus esse, etsi Deus Spiritus est? Spiritus enim corpus sui generis, in sua effigie.—Tertullian, quoted by the Bishop of Hereford in his Bampton Lectures. Corpus is used in the sense of *substance*.

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Humboldt (Alexander) his religious views. I am always very much attached to this life, having learned from you that, according to Kant's doctrine, there is not much to boast of after our dissolution. Humboldt to Varnhagen. p. 143 Am. edition.

That he (Strauss) seems to think very little of the blue regions on the other side of the grave, I might cheerfully forgive him; the more so, as we are the more agreeably and willingly surprised when we expect little. – Do. p. 129.

All positive religions contain three distinct parts – First, a code of morals, very pure and nearly the same in all, – next a geological dream – and thirdly a myth, or historical nouvelette; which last becomes the most important of all. – Do. p. 112.

The essay of thy brother is one of his most perfect works as to style. "God governs the world (p. 317); the task of history is to trace these eternal mysterious destinies". This is the essence of his production. I have sometimes discussed with my brother, not to say quarrelled about that. – Do. p. 55.

* * *

In literature, just as much as in painting, the best taste is always an educated taste. The untutored eye and understanding can only perceive gross and glaring effects. The more refined and exquisite beauties are imperceptible until training has taught us to distinguish them. The humor of Addison charms by its subtlety, but the very subtlety which is its merit prevents many who would relish a farce from perceiving that it is humor at all; and Milton would sound less sublime to the audience of a minor theatre than the rant of their favorite melo-dramatic heroes. Qu. Review. 1860.

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"The great art of education" it has been justly said, "is to teach others to teach themselves". — Ib. Nor did Constable intend to contradict the maxim when he asserted "that a self-taught man had a very ignorant fellow for his master", for by self-taught he meant a person who should have no opportunity of seeing what his predecessors had accomplished, and who would therefore be reduced to the results of his own discoveries. — Ib.

* * *

Sweet fragrance and soft spring-tide air
Green bursting leaves, most fresh, most fair,
Your charms show bright in wood and plain,
But O, for me, in vain — in vain!
For this warm breath can never start
The sap of hope in my dead heart;
This vital season has no spell
In me a bud of joy to swell.
The icy season melts apace
From the young sun's celestial face;
Far in the future summer shows,
And farther golden autumn glows.
But the cold passion of my grief

(over)

Must last and never find relief:
Fresh springs renew the rolling year,
But winter sits eternal here.
Lines on the death of a sister by Wm C. Roscoe.

* * *

O Spirit of the Summer time!
Bring back the roses to the dells;
The swallow from her distant clime,
The honey-bee from drowsy cells.

Bring back the friendship of the sun;
The gilded evenings calm and late,
When merry children homeward run,
And peeping stars bid lovers wait.

Bring back the singing, and the scent
Of meadow-lands at dewy prime;—
O bring again my heart's content,
Thou Spirit of the summer time. W. Allingham.

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